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WHAT WILL BE THE RESULT?

FROM A NORTH CAROLINA CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THIS question is a most momentous one to the people of the unreconstructed States, who have any well-grounded pretensions to loyalty. Unfortunately, it seems never to have entered into the brains of those who manipulate and control the party organizations known as Republican in these States. Look, for instance, to the platform of the Republican party in North Carolina—a series of platitudes upon "equal rights," the suppression of rebellion, and the "plan of Congress." Windy buncombe, which had a meaning a year ago, but is now set at rest and definitely fixed by Congressional action. Thank God every party in this matter *must* accept those things, whether they will or not. But who can tell by this platform what kind of a State the Republicans of North Carolina desire? What sort of a government will they endeavor to build up? Will they give to the landless voter the right to sit upon a jury with the owner of a hundred barren acres? Will they allow the landless voter to be a candidate for office? or will they require two hundred acres of red clay to give a man sufficient dignity and intellect to represent a county in the Assembly? Will they shape the fundamental law of the State to favor the hundred thousand voters who do not own land enough to bury them in, or the fifteen hundred inhabitants who own more than *two-thirds* of the lands of the State? Will they seek to put a tax of one-and-a-half dollars upon the polls of her poor men, or *one-half* cent per acre upon the lands of her rich ones? Read the platform, study the Republican journals, and tell me if you can what course of action the Republicans intend to adopt upon these great issues. Yet they are really the only ones worthy the attention of any voter at the present time, if we except the question of "Convention or No Convention," which seems to be destined to go by default, in favor of Convention. The only distinct aim which the Republican party seems to have before it is to build a State. They seem to have interpreted the plan of Congress, which really leaves it to the judgment of the voter to decide whether a State should be built in each of the old "sovereignties" or not, as a distinct and positive order to go and build a State or do, at least, their best in the attempt. They seem never to have asked themselves the question, "What then?" but to have considered their whole duty as embraced in the command, "Make a State!"—not pausing to consider whether that State would be strong or weak, safe or dangerous, loyal or disloyal, republican or oligarchical; never once thinking that the great struggle between aristocracy and democracy, between freedom and slavery, is but half won; that emancipation is not complete until the "master" is abolished as well as the slave.

There are a few facts, which the writer desires to place before the Republicans of the North and the South, and a few questions to which he desires answers from some source. These facts and questions the Republican papers of this State would consider it heresy to publish—will THE STANDARD? The first of these facts is this: The United States government finds it necessary to establish and sustain military cantonments throughout these rebel States in order to secure a reasonably fair observance of its laws. Query.—How will a State, established here upon Republican principles, secure the carrying out of those principles without those Federal troops? The writer turns with a shudder to Tennessee, where precisely the same elements, under the same modifying influences, are working out the problem of existence and prosperity in blood; or to Kentucky, from one of whose patriot sons he has just heard the cry, "God knows what we are coming to!"

Again, every Republican knows that, even with the advantage of the disfranchising clause in our favor, we could not carry one of the States of the South without the presence and support of "Yankee" bayonets. How, then, can these districts be controlled in the influence of Freedom, Humanity, and Progress, when they are once more erected into sovereign States, and the military power is withdrawn? North Carolina, for instance, is an almost purely agricultural State. In 1860 there were only 12,000 mechanical laborers in her borders. At least seven-eighths of her voters are engaged in agricultural employments. Yet of these how many are landowners? *Not one-fourth;* probably not one-fifth. Yet the landowning and the non-landowning voters are almost from necessity arrayed against each other. Their individual interests, are at least apparently, diverse and antagonistic. It is the interest of the landless voter that the State should afford a competent system of public instruction free to the children of every citizen. This would, of course, increase taxation, and is, of course, combated by every landowner and capitalist. It has been the custom of the State to raise a large proportion of its revenues by capitation tax. At the present time, for instance, the laboring man is taxed about five per cent., upon the average on his year's labor, while property, even at the moderate appraisal adopted, is only taxed one-tenth per cent. Of course, every laboring man who was worth emancipating, whether white or black, sees the injustice of this measure at once. He knows that it is wrong to compel the man who has only his hands with which to support himself and family, to pay two-thirds as much tax as his neighbor who has perhaps two or three hundred acres of land. Again, the right to sit upon a jury, or hold any executive or judicial office has always been made dependent upon the possession of a freehold interest. Upon all these questions, the interest of the poor man—the laborer—is manifestly at variance with that of the landowner. In order to secure his rights as a citizen, he must act as the political opponent of the the very man whose patronage is necessary to secure to-morrow's bread. It is frequently said that the landowner needs the laborer quite as much as the laborer needs the landlord. Most true, ultimately, but false enough in its immediate application. The landlords, as a class, can live one, two, three or four months, perhaps a year, without the laborers. The laborers cannot live a week, hardly a day, without the landlords. The laborers have the advantage of vast majorities in all these States, but these majorities are dependent on the favor of our enemies for their daily bread, and therefore liable to be swayed and controlled in their interest just so soon as the hated "Blue Coats" are removed. It matters not how faithful colored men may be to the principles of liberty, it matters not how loyally inclined the masses of the toiling whites may be, a man cannot vote away his own, his wife's and childrens' breakfast and dinner. Hunger is more potent than patriotism, and the only remedy for this evil when once a State government is established, is individual force. No law, no constitution, no matter how cunningly framed, can shield the poor men of the South from the domination of that very aristocracy from which rebellion sprung, when once States are established here. Anarchy or oligarchy are the inevitable results of reconstruction. Serfdom or bloodshed must necessarily follow. The "Plan of Congress," so called, if adopted, would deliver the free men of the South, bound hand and foot, to their old-time, natural enemies. The only cure for our evils was finely stated by Mr. Julian's "Regeneration before Reconstruction." Time and equal laws, thoroughly administered, are the elements of that remedy, and the Congress of the United States must be our physician.

WENCKAR.

SOUTHERN RADICAL CONVENTION.

From the Lynchburg (Va.) Radical Record.

WE have frequently been asked our opinion of the propriety of holding a Convention of Radicals from the non-reconstructed States, at Washington, D. C., early in December next.

Such a Convention we think would do much to enlighten Congress in relation to the condition of those States, and influence the legislation required to perfect the work of reconstruction. There never was a time when Southern Radicals could secure so favorable a hearing as at present. We have passed through a year rich in experience, and are now able to judge correctly what is required to secure Radical rule in the South.

We, therefore, favor the idea of a Convention, and suggest that it be holden at Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, the 3d day of December, 1867, and composed of as many delgates from each parish county and State of the non-reconstructed States as the Radicals shall see fit to elect, regardless of race or color, for the purpose of considering the condition of the non-reconstructed States of the South, and suggesting such measures of legislation to Congress as may be deemed expedient.

We also suggest that Radical delegates from all the reconstructed States be elected to meet at the same time and place, to join with their brethren from the South in demanding of Congress such a national reconstruction as shall place the rule of the Republic in loyal hands. And that reconstruction must commence at the White House to avail much.

Such a Convention would do much good, and aid in organizing the Radical element of the nation for the approaching contest in 1868.

We hope our Radical cotemporaries all over the Union, and especially in the non-reconstructed States, will give their views promptly respecting the idea of such a Convention.

Should the idea receive the general approval of the Southern Radicals, we can soon commence selecting delegates for the Convention.

Let us hear from our Radical friends on the subject. Next Winter is a good time to commence organizing for the victory in 1868.

THE SOUTH.

A TALE OF HORROR.—BRUTAL TREATMENT OF TWO MULATTO CHILDREN AT TRIUNE, TENN.

From the Nashville Press and Times.

EVERYBODY who has read Uncle Tom's Cabin will remember the character of Legree, the brutal, unfeeling slave overseer. That character has found a counterpart in the person of a resident of Williamson county, Tennessee, whose terrible treatment of two mulatto children sounds more like the deeds of a fiend incarnate than of a man. We obtain the details of the frightful story from official sources, which places them beyond doubt.

In the year 1858 a man named Henry Jackson, who lives at Triune, Williamson county, sold one of his slaves—a woman named Sealy—to a man in Mississippi. The woman was torn from her home and her children—a little boy and girl still in infancy—and was carried the long, weary journey she never expected to retrace.

The war came on, and swept the hated system of slavery away like chaff, even as all evil, no matter how firmly grounded, must at last disappear in the onward march of right and truth. The poor woman who years before had been sold into distant bondage, relieved by the emancipation proclamation, toiled faithfully, ofttimes for a mere pittance, saving her means that she might return to Tennessee. A few weeks ago she accomplished her object, and her weary feet trod once more the soil of Williamson county. She sought out her old master, that cruel, bad man, and asked for her children. They were shown to her, two wretched little creatures, fearfully marred and deformed by the constant inhuman treatment they had sustained at the hands of the brute, Jackson. None but a mother's heart can tell with what feelings this poor woman contemplated her offspring, seen, with the marks of such frightful abuse upon their bodies, after an absence of almost ten years.

These children, it seems, have been kept in worse than slavery for years past. Probably incensed by the breaking up of a system which placed under his entire control helpless victims to cruelty, Jackson seems to have vented all his spleen upon these innocent beings. The little unfortunate brother and sister are now respectively eleven and ten years of age. The little girl's back shows the scars of fearful lacerations, and the boy's head has grown mishapen and of unnatural size from the knocks and bruises sustained at the hands of Jackson. The little fellow has been compelled to work in all sorts of weather, with scanty clothing, frightfully exposed. On one of the coldest Sundays of last Winter Jackson compelled him to go out and chop wood without any covering to his feet. His toes were frozen, and several of them rotted off, he receiving no care whatever. The man threatened often to drown him in a pond near the premises, and the same Winter actually threw him into the water. The boy succeeded in crawling out with his life. At another time, when Jackson was butchering hogs, he threatened to scald the boy in the hot water, but was dissuaded by a colored man who interceded in behalf of the little fellow.

All Summer long Jackson has compelled the boy to work in the corn field, when the poor wretch was actually picking the maggots from his frost-bitten limbs. But why enumerate further?

The Bureau authorities have been informed of these inhuman outrages, and will take steps for the arrest and punishment of the perpetrator. He certainly ought to be brought to speedy justice. Does any rebel sheet doubt the truth of our statement? We refer to Bureau headquarters, from which they were obtained.

AFFAIRS IN ALABAMA.

From the Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

"The persecution here is frightful. Yet your Northern Democracy will not believe it. No Northern men can believe it. You have nothing of the kind by which you can make any comparison." The above is taken from a recent letter from one of the few white Unionists in Mobile, against whom the hatred of the dominant social class has broken out afresh. The letter adds that there is neither peace nor security for those who were faithful during the war, or who look approvingly upon the new order of things. The writer has been for several years in charge of the Mobile College, till lately a prosperous institution of learning; but the animosity of the community has driven pupils from its doors, and made it perilous for teachers to continue their work. The spirit with which they are pursued may be judged by the following, copied from a recent number of the Mobile *Tribune*. After attributing impossible crimes to the "Puritans of the North," it says:

"To carry out their nefarious designs, they have organized 'Loyal Leagues,' bands of conspirators against the peace and well-being of society, who meet in the darkness of night, in secret places, to concoct their accursed plans and devise means to carry them into execution. These bands of midnight prowlers are headed by base adventurers whom their birth-places have spewed out to prey upon the world at large, and base traitors to their own race and color—spawn of the devil and loyal to crime."

There is much more fiery denunciation of this kind for which we have no space. The article closes with a fierce appeal for violence, as follows:

"So extensive an organization requires for its direction the exercise of talent of no common order—a head to devise means to accomplish the mighty revolution they seek to effect; and strange as it may seem, such men are found; men base enough to prostitute the talents God has given them for the purpose of benefiting the human race, to the accomplishment of purposes, at the contemplation of which devils laugh. Such a one lives in our midst. To him the ostensible heads of the negro party repair on the Holy Sabbath, the voice of the prayers of the sanctuary scarce hushed in their ears, for counsel. He directs their weekly actions and plans. He nods his head, and widows and white men are thrown out of employment to make room for the newly made voters—blacks take the place of whites on the police force—not the poor and needy blacks, but the blacks of substance. At his beck the City Treasurer, a faithful and efficient officer, was removed, to deliver the funds into the hands of an individual who failed to establish a 'Freedman's Savings Bank,' because even the negroes would not trust him. This man of education and refinement consorts with, advises and directs the vilest scum, vomited forth from the purlieus of the stews, slums and brothels of Northern cities—prowlers, that, like obscene birds, followed in the wake of victorious armies to plunder the defenceless and the unsuspicious, banded together to accomplish the most damnable purposes by the vilest means. This man came here many years ago, a suppliant for the favors of this people; he has been patronized and honored; he has been enriched from your stores; you have warmed him into life, and now viper like he has turned and struck his venomous fangs into your heart; yet this man walks the streets in the light of the noon-day sun, and with his brazen face looks upon the faces of his patrons and benefactors. More than this, this traitor to his race, loyal to his Puritan blood, dares still solicit the continuance of your patronage. He is still the head of the Mobile College. Will you again commit the education of your children to this Towle, in comparison with whom the vilest negro is respectable, and the veriest thief honest."

THE PRESS.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

The *Tribune*, in an article entitled

THE ELECTIONS—A LESSON,

says:

Late in the Summer of 1862, Mr. Lincoln was persuaded, after long urging and hesitation, to issue his edict of Emancipation. The country, it was said, was not prepared for it—that is, the slow coaches were not. And, when the elections that soon followed showed Democratic gains almost everywhere—from East to West—the "Conservatives" shouted that Abolition and Radicalism had received their death-blow. "Look at Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin!" they exclaimed—"their Republican majorities reduced more than half; see Pennsylvania carried by the Democrats, and a U. S. Senator gained, in spite of Lincoln's large majority; see Ohio, swept clean by 5,000 majority for the Democrats, who carry fourteen Representatives in Congress—a clear gain of seven; see Indiana, Illinois likewise carried—both branches of the Legislature, two-thirds of the Representatives in Congress, and a Democratic U. S. Senator gained in each; see New Jersey, which gave Lincoln four of her seven electors, now swept by the Democrats by over fourteen thousand majority, and giving another Senator, with four of the five Representatives in Congress; look at New York, where Lincoln had fifty thousand majority, and the Union ticket last year a hundred thousand, now electing Seymour Governor by ten thousand, and seventeen to fourteen Representatives in Congress—do you not see the handwriting on the wall? Is n't it high time to give up nigger-worship, and attend to saving the Union?"

These taunts were bitter, but the exultation that impelled them was transient. Though Fredericksburg, and Galveston, and the first repulse at Vicksburg and Chancellorsville, were still before us, the National cause was not lost, for it was the cause of Freedom and Humanity. Much less is it lost now, though the false hearts which thought the defeat of Wadsworth and the loss of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, lessons that only the blind could fail to read and heed, still remain to renew their croakings, and have another, though lesser, opportunity.

Judge Sharswood is elected to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, as we feared he would be; and we believe this the extent of the Democratic triumph in that State. Many Republicans *would* vote for him on personal grounds; yet a good county ticket in Philadelphia would have defeated his election. But it was supposed that *any* thing would be elected that could get on the Republican ticket; so nominations were made that the people *would not* support; while the Democrats, having little hope of success, nominated three soldiers who had a good war record for the best offices, and so gained thousands of votes. We trust the lesson will not be lost on those who control nominations in *our* State. We can tell them that the Legislative jobbers and Railroad robbers who are "fixing things" in several districts to nominate themselves to our next Legislature may buy ever so many delegates, but cannot buy the people. Mr. Jacob Sharp, for example, will waste his money if he uses it to achieve a Republican nomination.

We shall, of course, have the old cry renewed—"See how Ohio has voted down Equal Manhood Suffrage—had n't we better drop the nigger, and take care of ourselves?" The answer is ready: Ohio on Tuesday gave more votes, and a larger proportion of her Republican strength, for Manhood Sufffrage, than any other State has ever given—more, by many thousands, than *she* would ever have given till now. Say that one Republican in every twenty went straight over to the enemy on this question, and one weak brother voted the Republican ticket, but failed to vote for Manhood Suffrage, what of it? New York, twenty-one years ago, gave but 85,406 votes for Equal Rights; in 1860, she more than doubled this, giving it 197,503; and still it was heavily beaten, though Lincoln carried the State at that election by 50,000 majority. The next time it will have at least 300,000; and, if beaten by a handful, its enemies will scream and fire guns for their glorious victory. So it will be in other States; while the vital principle of genuine Democrcy marches on through seeming defeats to its inevitable and conclusive triumph.

There are still some persons in the Republican camp whose hearts are with the adverse host, and who, we trust, will now be tempted to let their bodies follow. At all events, through whatever trials of its constancy, its consistency, the great party of which they would fain bear the bag so long as there may be anything likely to go into it, will move right on to the arduous but inevitable achievement of Equal Rights for all citizens; and those who are not ready to suffer in that cause cannot leave the ranks too soon. "Soldiers!" said Garibaldi to the forlorn hope of Italian liberty in 1849, "I offer you privation, hardship, hunger, wounds, death—will you follow me?" Such is the spirit in which Humanity and Justice claim their votaries; such are the appeals, such the cries, which separate the gold from the dross. When the Republican party has no further prejudices to vanquish, no further wrongs to redress, we hope it may die and be buried; not linger on, maintaining a mockery of existence on the good ideas of the past, the bad whisky of the present, like the sham Democracy. Whenever all its better aspirations shall have been actualized, its dissolution cannot and should not be long postponed.

THE EXTRAORDINARY COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

The *Herald* says:

We are hurrying onward to our political Niagara; Copperheads, Radicals, and all the fanatical elements are sweeping down the rapids. Up to the time that Congress passed the constitutional amendment, and including that action, the people were satisfied. But when Congress, mistaking the will of the nation, loses its balance upon its giddy summit of power, then it is proper that the people should again rise and assert their will. The people, watching with intense interest the restoration of their social and progressive welfare, see no hope unless they draw the curb upon the power they have invested with authority. The situation is easy of analysis; for, with all the finely woven Radical theories of black and white equality, we want to see those practical results which demonstrate that our legislative action has been productive of good. Search where we may, we can find no evidences of good results; the attempt to reconstruct the South has gone on from bad to worse, until the ten unrestored States drag like a dead weight upon the progress of the nation. Here, in the great republic of the nineteenth century, we go back for precedents in government and find that the Roman system is the only one to which we can adapt ourselves. Thus it is an open acknowledgment that our territorial extension imposes upon us the necessity of a great central force, governing, through a proconsular organization, all the States that can in any way make a healthy opposition to its power. This principle once well rooted, it takes no prophetic brain to predict the succeeding phases which attended the same system in Rome.

Our people are too sensible to let the power slip out of their hands so quickly. The elections in California and Maine denoted the fact that the people were beginning to reason over the mad acts of a Congress as well as of an Executive that could not understand their desires. The two States named were only the preface to the telling rebuke which we are now giving to our unworthy rulers. Pennsylvania and Ohio, potent in the lists, wheel into line and add their voices to the general outcry against misgovernment. New York, soon to come to the trial by vote, will doubtless follow the example set by the former States. The whole country, in fact, is tired of this crushing process of reconstruction, which weighs with equally destructive power upon both North and South. The Warren Hastings rule of India may have suited that country; the Roman provincial system may have been adapted to the ignorance of two thousand years ago; but those were cases where force placed pressure on ignorance. Intelligence cannot and will not bear such rule. There have not been men wanting in the Radical party to recognize that their power was but short-lived unless they could throw some great ignorant element into the existing intelligence of the country. This element, the negro, they have seized upon and have, by superhuman exertions, floated him to the surface. Less buoyant than the elements around him, he can only be held up until his own specific gravity overcomes our power to sustain him. That failing, he must sink to the level to which his talent fits him, and from which, little by little gaining light, he may rise by his own intrinsic value. To cling to the negro we must sink to his level; by doing which we shall not elevate him but debase ourselves. It has taken some time for the people to appreciate these facts, but that they now are fully alive to them is undoubted. They see that they have been deceived by the political demagogues who have held the negro up as the main element in our revolution when he was only a minor issue. The revulsion of feeling, we regret to say, will, for the moment, be unfortunate for the black man; but this is the fault of his fanatical friends who have forced him upward to a point where he cannot balance himself.

The action of the Radical party has not been the creation of a civilization for the negro, but an attempt to turn the white race back to a barbarism which we have been trying to shake off and from which we have been emerging for more than twenty centuries. It must be understood that our people are awakened at last, and are little inclined to march in retreat. The elections of Ohio and Pennsylvania fully demonstrate it. Let it not be supposed, however, that these elections denote a victory for the old Democratic party, whose principles, as shown by the rebellion, were "rule or ruin." It shows, on the contrary, that the Republican element of the country, tired and disgusted with the Radical programme, have, for the moment, stepped aside to give rebuke to their leaders and show them that the intelligence of the United States is not willing to accept a rule that cannot stand the analysis of common sense. There is a mighty conservative power quietly holding itself in reserve and watching our political fortunes. It is awaiting the next Presidential election, and when the moment comes to strike, it will deal a terrible blow; Democrat, Radical, Copperhead, and fanatic will go down before it. A President totally unfitted to appreciate the demands made upon him will disappear, and a Congress that has made a party football of the nation will also be deposed to give place to the best men of the country—the true conservative element of real statesmanship.

The *Times* says:

THE LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS.

The Democrats are very naturally making the most of their victories. They evidently regard them as indications of the speedy return of their party to power. The exultation of their newspaper organs, if they mean anything (which is always doubtful), imply the strongest confidence in this result.

They are deceiving themselves—or trying to deceive others. The elections indicate no increase of public confidence in the Democratic party, and no willingness on the part of the people to trust them again with power. They simply show a reaction against the extreme acts and measures of the Republican party, and convey an admonition to the leaders of that party which will be salutary if it shall be heeded. For the last two years they have been forcing upon the party, issues and doctrines utterly alien to its principles and professions—and they would have been rebuked and repudiated long ago but for the danger likely to be thus incurred of reinstating the Democratic party. When the war ended, the people wanted a prompt restoration of the Union. But they did not want, and they would not have, a restoration of the rebels to power. Rather than that, they accepted the measures which were forced upon them by the Radical leaders. And the only reason why they seem now to have halted in their support, is because they have reached a point where it can be done without the risk of reinstating the rebels and the Democracy in their old supremacy.

The leadership of the Republican party has grown arrogant and reckless. In the adoption of measures and the treatment of men it has been alike intemperate and relentless. The most extreme theories of the wildest and and most impracticable theorizers have been forced upon the party as the basis of its creed; and the oldest, strongest and most devoted and efficient men of the party have been spurned and traduced, with reckless violence, if they failed or faltered in giving their assent.

The truth is, the Republican party grew too strong to be wise. It had so much faith in its position that it lost all prudence in defending it. It gained so much popular strength from the result of the war, that it felt itself invincible, and became presumptuous. All questions of policy were treated with contempt. Its leaders felt that any ticket they might nominate was sure of success, no matter what might be the character of the men, or the nature of the measures to which they were pledged. The first result of such a course is to make the party which adopts it corrupt, and the next is to make it weak.

The Republican party is admonished by the State elections that have just occurred, that they must reform their action in these respects. The people will not sanction the extreme courses which have been marked out for them. They have too much at stake in the peace, order and prosperity of the country to put them all at hazard, for the profit of partisans or the pleasure of political theorists. No party can long retain power which seeks it solely for its selfish advantage.

There is danger, of course, that New York may follow the example of Pennsylvania. In addition to the general causes to which we have referred, the Republican party has to bear a good deal of odium from local and special reasons. The legislature and the administration of the State canals have grown flagrantly and shamelessly corrupt, while the party has been responsible for both. The State Convention took proper ground on this subject, but, in the face of its resolutions, nominations have been made in various parts of the State which, if sustained by the party, will cost it thousands of votes. It is likely to lose strength from the Germans on account of the Excise law. And it has ostentatiously rejected and repelled the support of a large body of its own members, who have protested from the beginning against the reckless action which was leading directly to these results.

By vigorous and resolute action, and greater prudence in the management of party interests, the Republicans may still remedy these evils and retain the State. We trust they will show themselves wise enough not to persist in errors which have already proved so calamitous, and which threaten still greater disasters in the future.

The *World* says:

PENNSYLVANIA—OHIO—NEW YORK.

The news from Pennsylvania which we published yesterday confirmed our expectations; that which we publish this morning from Ohio fills the measure of our hopes. The people of both these States have cast the majority of their votes for the candidates of the Democracy. So say our latest dispatches from Ohio, and they cannot be far wrong. At the worst our victory is all but overwhelming. Beyond all question, too, will the people of the Empire State in November roll up a majority, doubling, yes, trebling, their joint majorities. Six millions of people have spoken. To these the four millions of New York will join their voice, and this is their response to Maine and California:

"So Jura answers from her lofty peaks
Back to the joyous Alps, who call on her aloud."

New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio; the first the Empire State, and the second and third of all the States of the Union; the three most wealthy, populous, and intelligent of all; the foremost three in all the arts and victories of peace, and weightiest in war; the annual products of whose industry is double that of any other three and more various; whose garnered wealth surpasses that of any six of their sister States; whose commerce on our inland seas and upon all oceans surpasses the commerce of all—it is these three States which now are thundering, with the voice of their ten millions of people, an indignant, unanimous veto upon the proceedings and the policy of the party in power.

It is high time for a voice so potent to make itself heard. Our sons were led by thousands to fruitless slaughter,—yet it was dumb. Heaping up, to mortgage the industry and abridge the joys of ourselves and our children and our children's children, rose a mountain of debt—yet it was dumb. Two years of peace, which failed to restore the Union, were added to the four years of war which failed, and like those years were spent by shameless partisans in plans to prolong their hold upon power they had usurped—power prostituted to the stirring up anew of strife which had ended; prostituted to the imposition of a military despotism upon ten sovereign States; prostituted to the crushing down of an already conquered people—our brethren, our kinsmen—and to the lifting up into sole supremacy there of an ignorant, degraded race; prostituted to the crippling of Northern industry by reckless taxes and monstrous "protective" tariffs, and to the throttling of Southern industry by the denial of law and order under which it might ere this have revived; prostituted to the denial of any Reconstruction laws for months, and then to the framing of such as would longest postpone their pretended purpose, and then to the heaping of obstructions, restrictions and penalties upon these,—yet still it was dumb.

Long-suffering and patient, indeed, with their servants have the Northern people been. High time indeed was it that the puissant voice of these their masters should be heard; saying, as PENNSYLVANIA and OHIO have said, and NEW YORK will say:—Let Strife cease; Let Peace prevail; Let Law revive; Let the Union live.

THE ADMONITORY FINGER.

The *Evening Post* says:

We give elsewhere, as far as they can be ascertained, the results of the voting yesterday in several of the States. Those results, whatever the particular event in each case—*i. e.*, whether Hayes is chosen Governor in Ohio, or Sharswood Judge in Pennsylvania—all point to one general conclusion—diminished majorities on the part of the Republicans. In Iowa and Ohio, as in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, the facts are the same—a loss of votes for the popular and dominant party. Its adherents have been either indifferent to the issue, and so stayed away from the polls, or they have joined the opposition in order to give a temporary rebuke to their friends. On greater occasions the results would doubtless be otherwise; but for the present, the American people, always sober, honest and intelligent, tell their politicians to look ahead, and see where they are going. Last year the Republicans carried the States by overwhelming majorities; this year, if they carry them at all, it is by large diminished majorities; and the change is not a capricious one; it has a meaning in it which we intend briefly to deduce.

We regret, first of all, that the amendment for impartial suffrage in Ohio has not been carried by a sweeping majority; we regret that any enlightened community should be so far controlled by its prejudices of race as to forget the eternal principles of equal law and indefeasable right; and we particularly regret it now that so many of our Southern communities, just in the process of reformation, are likely to be influenced by the decision towards inequality and injustice. Yet in this, as in many other things, we are compelled to recognize the slowness with which traditional errors are corrected, old abuses overcome, and a purer and nobler system adopted. Slavery has had too long a hold in this country, has spread its baleful influences too far and wide, to enable us to wipe out every vestige of it at a thrust. Dead and putrid as it is, the effects of it still linger; if it has still but few mourners and worshippers, it has, nevertheless, unconscious victims, men whose minds were fatally warped by it, and cannot easily recover from the bias; and we must look to time, rather than to the sudden jerks of revolution, to set all things right. If in Ohio, a leading and enlightened State, settled by New England men, and eminently decided in the cast of its political opinions, the people are still under the shadow of the great monster that has fallen, if they are still reluctant to confess the equal manhood of the negro—let us be patient with less favored societies, assured, however, as we are determined, that the glorious end of democracy, equal rights, will come just as certainly as universal freedom has come.

But while we regret the defeat, or at best the doubtful success, of the only real principle involved in the election, we do not shut our eyes to the admonitions they give. These preliminary contests, though they determine nothing essential, they do not settle the character of our politics definitely, are yet important. They serve the purpose of the little pilot balloons which aeronauts are accustomed to send up before venturing an ascent, to show the strength as well as the current of the wind. It is one of the felicities of our system of distributive or State and local government, that we may try experiments of legislation on a small scale, to test its results, before committing the whole nation to the process; and so we may gather from these local elections, earnests, or indications of public sentiment, or at least of the *set* of it, before the broad national sentiment is invoked. Now, what are these indications? Are they not clear? In California, the people say to the responsible party of the State, give us good nominations if you want us to vote for your men, not lobbyists, corruptionists, traders in legislation, but pure and upright citizens, of whom we need not be ashamed. In Maine they intimate that a so-called protective tariff which destroys their large ship-building interests, and sumptuary laws, which violate the most elementary principles of freedom and equal rights, are not to their taste. While in the great Middle and Western States they lift up the admonitory fluger to Congress, or to those who pretend to lead it, and say, "Beware! Look ahead; see where you are going to!"

It cannot be denied that there has been a good deal of inconsiderate and even dangerous legislation in Congress, during the past two years. There has been a great deal more inconsiderate and dangerous talk. There are still threats made by men who ought to know better, which are nothing less than revolutionary, and of these things the people are getting weary. They tell their representatives in Congress that instead of listening to their enthusiasts, to their extreme men, to their Sumners, their Stevenses and their Butlers, it would be better to listen to the dictates of good sense, to the strict requirements of constitutional law, and to men of moderation and statesmanship. At this time, when the nation has just passed through a remendous civil war—when the tremblings of the great shock are still occasionally felt—when so many things have been changed and so many more are to be changed, as the natural and inevitable consequences of it, we do not need party frenzies nor fervors; we do not need the rash and reckless spirit of innovation, running often into a violent fanaticism—which has defeated the good results of nearly all revolutions, except that of 1776, when men of foresight and large views were at the helm; but we need wisdom, calmness, moderation, the bold and comprehensive view of statesmanship as well as the keen insight of sympathy and justice; the best heads as well as the noblest hearts; the broad spirit of patriotism rather than the blind spirit of party; that grander spirit which is not hot, eager, impatient, and ready to smash all things into pieces when its own ends are not instantly subserved, but which relies upon the people, which respects their judgments, and which is willing to trust them with the future of the nation, because it knows that where freedom is, where free discussion is, where general suffrage is, truth and right must speedily triumph.

We regard the late elections, then, as decisive of little or nothing, but indicative of very much. They are a first warning which the master gives to his servant who has shown some signs of misusing the power with which he is entrusted. He does not withdraw his confidenee from his agent, he does not abandom him at all, nor discharge him; indeed, if any serious or pressing emergency were present that master would rush to his aid; but he none the less points to his original instructions, defines again the powers of his clerk, intimates that he has done some things wrongly, has left some things undone, has allowed himself to be misled by incompetent or hot-headed advisers, and that he had better consider his ways, if he does not wish to hear certain still more unpleasant words. If the servant be as sagacious as we take him to be, he will give earnest heed to the warning.

The *Express* says:

WHAT IT MEANS.

To the Radicals, the elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, is the handwriting upon the wall, which reads:—"*Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.*" You have had supreme power for six years, and you have so multiplied corruption and fanaticism and crime in high places and low places, that the majority can and will no longer trust you.

To the Democrats, it is significant of the future, in the sober second thought, which is the only hope of republics, and which sooner or later arrests the wrong doer. We must remember that our ranks are being recruited from that class of Republicans who have become offended with the peculations of years past, who are disgusted with the attempt to give the ballot to the negro, who feel outraged with the disfranchisement of thousands of white men, and who will no longer tolerate disunion and disorder for the sake of party. As we sow so shall we reap. If, with us, country, Government, Constitutional Liberty, capacity and integrity are uppermost, no power on earth can prevent the overthrow of the Destructives, who for so many years have deceived the people and controlled the government. Therefore let us look to our nominations and our platforms, and stand fast in the faith of the fathers. The nearer we get to them, the nearer we shall be to the principles of free government.

To the country at large, its commerce, its trade, its general business, its credit and its good name, the elections are full of hope. Give to the Conservative men of the country power again and they will hasten the day of specie payments, of stable trade, and assure the revival of good feeling among all classes and conditions of people.

The Southern people can see in these elections reasons for patience, hope, and faith in the future. The moral sense of thoughtful men is shocked by the spectacle of placing the ballot in the hands of *seven hundred and fifty thousand ignorant negroes*, the great body of them slaves but two or three years since. The same moral sense is also shocked by the spectacle of taking the ballot from tens of thousands of white men in one-third of the States, and making them even the inferiors, politically, of those who so recently were their slaves.

All honor to Connecticut for her town elections; to Pennsylvania, for an honest, faithful, capable, constitutional Judiciary; to Ohio, for the manly stand of her people in behalf of the Anglo-Saxon race; to Indiana and Iowa, for the splendid gains of the people in behalf of Truth and Justice, wherever they have had the opportunity to speak. California and Maine, Stars of the East and West, have found a reflection of undimmed glory along the Alleghanies and east of the Rocky Mountains. New York speaks next, and if Excelsior is her true motto, let her prove that, though many have done well, she will excel them all.

The *Express* says of

THE NEGRO SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT,

While the Radicals in Congress are for forcing *vi et armis*, Negro Suffrage upon the Southern States, thousands of Republicans in Ohio have just voted against engrafting such an amendment upon the Ohio Constitution. What Connecticut did in the Spring, Ohio does in the Autumn, and Pennsylvania and New York will do whenever they have the opportunity. But what a spectacle to the world is this of *forcing, by Federal law, the ballot into the hands of 750,000 negroes at the South, while refusing to put the Ballot into the hands of a ten times more intelligent class of colored men at the North.*

If the Fortieth Congress does not recede from its Negro Suffrage standpoint, then its members in the majority will prove that they are not the Representatives of the States or the People; and if they should, they will give but fresh evidences of the wrongs and outrages which, in the past, they have perpetrated upon the people of the South and the public sentiment of the country. In every large and true sense, this is a white man's government, just as Hayti is a black man's government—not with us to oppress the negro, but to give him that position which was designed by God, nature, and history. The Radicals have proved his worst enemy, and their policy has been, in this country, to remove at least one-fifth of them from the face of the earth within the past five years.

Again, the *Express* says of

THE WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT,

The results in Connecticut, Ohio and Pennsylvania, nay, everywhere North, are a true test, demonstrating that in Practice, as well as in Theory, even in the North and West, the People intend this to be a White Man's Government.

The counter Theory, that this is a negro man's government, where, through twelve States (West Virginia, Tennessee and Missouri included), the negro is to hold the balance of power, and govern the White men, even in the North, is now forbidden by the Northern and Western people, and the quicker the Jacobins abandon their theory the better—for it is only by revolution that Southern Negro States can be forced into Congress to govern Northern and Western White people.

That this is a government of White men, exclusively for White men, is the theory of the Constitution, and of human nature, too. Washington, Madison, Franklin & Co., all agreed in making this a White man's government, exclusively for White men, except where the States choose to let in a few Black men—then only for the States so admitting. And that is the natural as well as the theoretical government, as demonstrated in all places, where the Negro has attempted in vain to govern, viz: in Hayti, Jamaica, and Spanish America generally. The mongrel Indian negro miscegenation governments of Spanish America are, if possible, worse than the pure African.

The Nashua (N. H.) *Gazette*, a Copperhead sheet, is troubled in anticipation of a wholesale impeachment. Writing of

THE SUPREME COURT,

it says:

Having struck down the Executive branch of the government and deprived it of its constitutional powers, the Radicals are making threatening demonstrations against another branch of the government—the Judiciary. Wendell Phillips, who furnishes the Republican party with their ideas, is out in a savage article against the Supreme Court. He fears that body will declare the reconstruction laws of Congress unconstitutional, and, of course, null and void. In anticipation of this

he recommends to Congress to go "to the extreme verge of their constitutional power" to meet such an emergency. This means the impeachment of the Supreme Court, or those members of it, who refuse to hew up to the Radical line.

THE HON. THAD. STEVENS'S POLICY IN THE COMING SESSION.—The Philadelphia *Morning Post* of Oct. 19, has a special Washington Dispatch, which says:

"Letters have been received here from Thaddeus Stevens, in which he declares his intention to urge upon Congress as soon as it meets in November two great measures essential to the safety of the country. The first is a general impeachment-law defining the offences upon which an officer may be impeached, and expressly declaring that no officer shall continue to exercise the power of his office during his trial. The second law which Mr. Stevens intends to urge will provide that, under the authority of the Constitution and upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, no State shall have power to prohibit citizens of the United States, whatever their race, color, or religion, from voting for President or Congressmen. This law will establish impartial suffrage throughout the Union. Leading Republicans affirm that Stevens will be sustained by Congress."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.—The Grand Lodge of the Order of Good Templars of this State, at their recent meeting at Iowa City, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Order of Good Templars is founded upon and recognizes the great Christian law of the universal brotherhood of man. Hence, like the gospel of Christ, it ought not and cannot recognize any distinction of race, color or condition, in its work of Christian benevolence, but opens its door and offers all its privileges and help to whomsoever may come and accept its simple rules and regulations."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1867.

THE SICK MAN.

HARDLY any sick man gets well without having, now and then, what the nurse calls a pull-back. The American people, rapidly getting over its long disease, has just had a pull-back. There's no reason to be discouraged. The cure will go on.

We pointed out, in a recent article, how inconsistent and absurd it was to suppose that a few battles had converted the whole American people into Abolitionists. The late elections are a comment on that text. Brought squarely to the test, Ohio cannot yet be just on her own soil. That same population would see the *necessity* of giving to the South Carolina negro the ballot. Without that they know the Union would not be safe. Selfishness dictates justice in the reconstruction of the South; but the sense of justice is not keen enough to protect the negro at home—so Ohio rejects her equal suffrage amendment. Pennsylvania, always for sale and in the market, has been snapped up by an eager purchaser in the wrong party.

Some critics insist that these changes are owing to temperance movements in one place, financial soreness in another, and mistaken nominations in a third. All these causes doubtless were acting; but the primary and most efficient cause is that the leaders of the dominant party—the people's teachers—have never taught their followers one single lesson of justice. From Mr. Lincoln down to the last canvass speaker, the cry and the argument has been, "Do thus much to save the party. Dole out this and this measure of justice, not for its own sake, but because we must. The party *needs it*."

A people drugged with such opiates, the moment the burden of the war and the weight of danger is taken off, springs back to its old race-hatred. Hence the easy victory of the rebels in Ohio and Pennsylvania. While a large portion of the people has been ready for any measure of justice, and would have followed Lincoln to any height of national honor, another portion, poisoned by his infidelity to principle, has remained in just that equivocal state of mind that left them an easy prey to the Pendletons and the Vallandighams. Wade reaps to-day the harvest of that party atheism which he has sometimes countenanced, and which his later and general fidelity has not sufficed to neutralize.

What shall we do? Press bravely on. Impeach the traitor of the White House. Men with white lips, who fancy themselves statesmen, cry "Oh, no—that will create sympathy for him and wreck the party." Utter want of self-respect has wrecked the party, nothing else. To bear blows unresistingly may be clear duty for an individual, it is death to a party. The Nation has gazed on and seen Johnson insult and defy Congress. Men conclude that Congress is either too stupid to understand or too pusillanimous to resent the insult. The panacea that Senators and Governors propose now is, that we go on and invite more Presidential insult, in hope that so the people will pity Congress and hate Johnson. It is a fatal policy. *Such pity* passes soon into contempt. The old Whig party marched to its grave in the fond conceit that its patience would win sympathy. It found too late that the masses distrusted its foes, but despised a Whig.

Nothing but daring, courage, gallantry will win back popular sympathy. Hang out the banner of impartial suffrage and rebel disfranchisement on the outmost wall. Throttle the President. Clean out that nest of unclean birds—the Cabinet. Rally patriotism to the front. The dishcartening of Bull Run was never wholly cured till Grant moved on Richmond. Teach men to forget Ohio and Pennsylvania in the blaze of a fiercer onset.

Every other policy is death—slow death. Slave masters despised the Whig because they saw he *feared* them. They respected the Abolitionist because they saw he defied them. Republicans will find that the same feelings are at work now. As an eloquent Western man says, "We have abolished the slave. *We have not abolished the master.*" This terrible truth Senators are forgetting. The same policy of defiance which saved us heretofore is our only resource now. It will cow rebels alike in Carolina and Ohio; and it will teach, rally and unite the people. No man doubts that the North really means to exact the full results of its victory. Act to-day so as to convince the South that this is truer now than ever before.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14, 1867.

THE apparent reverses of the Republican party in the October elections should only stimulate us to demand a more radical and determined position from the leaders who control its action. How far local issues have entered into these results it is not our present purpose to consider. Pennsylvania, a State always doubtful unless subjected to a vigorous canvass, goes for the Democrats by a few hundred majority, a result easily reversed and disheartening to none but cowards. Ohio diminishes her Republican majority and defeats Negro Suffrage. Western Republicanism has never been educated in the equality of the negro, up to the point where it was safe to trust the naked question in its hands. This is more the fault of the leaders than of the people. Traitors like John Sherman and negro-haters like Trumbull have debauched the public sentiment of the West on this subject.

The lesson taught by the Ohio election, especially, is that Congress should make no delay in passing a law decreeing equal suffrage in all the States.

The existence of the Republican party is bound up with the establishment of Negro Suffrage. If it fails here its career as a national party is closed. If it falters in this course it must die. It is pledged to it not only by its Congressional action on Reconstruction, but by the fact that its only voters in eleven States are negroes, and by this sign it must conquer if at all.

In 1862 New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana went for the Democrats by heavy majorities. The war for the Union was languishing in the hands of traitorous generals and timid statesmen. These elections seemed to determine that the Rebellion, already partially successful on the battle-fields of the South, had achieved its final triumph at the ballot-boxes of the North. But it was far otherwise. The lesson was salutary, and for the first time the voice of the radical Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country was heeded by the Administration. An attitude of hostility to slavery was assumed, which, as it became more firm, gave assurance of the ultimate overthrow of the Rebellion. McClellan, that great incubus, was finally disposed of, more vigor was shown in military operations, and notwithstanding some serious military reverses, the next year told a different story at the polls.

This is the lesson of the hour for us. Bolder measures are demanded by the exigencies of the time. Courage and consistency are the qualities which make a party great and successful, while impotence and cowardice always receive the people's scorn.

The first duty of Congress at its next session is to reinstate Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War. Its next duty is to pass a law that all public officers, on impeachment, shall be suspended from the performance of their functions during trial. Then let the House of Representatives impeach Andrew Johnson for high crimes and misdemeanors and put him on his trial before the Senate, and let Ben. Wade take the White House. The conservatism of the country cries out that this course will bring about revolution. We are willing to impeach Johnson, say they, but do not attempt to remove him. He will resist. Well, let him. The sooner the loyal element of the country is brought to a death grapple with this perjured traitor, the better. We have no fears for the result.

Impeachment without suspension from office is a swindle. The Constitution, the bug-bear of so many minds, is silent on this point; therefore it is our duty to make a precedent. The logic of the case is simple and leaves no room for doubt, as will be seen by a single illustration. Your cashier robs you; you accuse him of the theft and put him on his trial; but in the meantime until he is convicted, you give him unlimited control of your money-box. That is impeachment without suspension. We do not wish to see any such comedy enacted on so grave a stage. The country must not be excited with an impeachment trial for nothing. The law's delay would undoubtedly prolong the proceedings quite to the limit of Johnson's term of office, and we fear there would be little hope of a conviction after a protracted trial, with the culprit holding the purse of the nation in his hands. The barter and sale of offices between the Senate and the President last Spring is too instructive a chapter in political history to be easily forgotten.

To those who honestly believe that the removal of Johnson would bring disaster on the country, we would say there is no security except in such a course. He is the great DISTURBER OF THE PEACE. There is not an interest dear to loyal hearts which is not put in deadly peril by his continuance in office. Every hour that he stays in the White House nurses and strengthens the fires of an unextinguished rebellion, and if that element, combined with the Copperheads of the North, ever gets the entire control of this government, not only the rights of the negro will be trodden down, but the repudiation of the debt surely follows, with the abasement of every principle that makes America worth living for and dying for.

Let us once more put the Executive power in loyal hands, and the South will feel that there is no longer hope for rebellious caste to dominate this country, and banishing the dream which Johnson's alliance has led her to cherish, she will silently comply with the terms of loyalty.

Some admonish us to wait until after another Presidential election for succor and relief. We reply that delay may be fatal, and we have no right to risk it. With a traitor in the Presidential office, surrounded, as he soon will be, with rebels undisguised, the country may receive its death wound long before the 4th of March, 1869. Again we say, the removal of Johnson is our only security. In it only is there peace. In it only is there safety.

BRANDON.

WE print at length, on our first page, this week, the comments of our leading representative journals upon the recent elections. They reflect the opinions of the classes they severally represent. How little the negro has to hope for in the way of justice and permanent freedom through the voluntary action of the partisan politicians, is made apparent by the tone of the comments made upon the defeat of the Ohio Amendment.

WE invite attention to the letter of our North Carolina correspondent, which appears on our first page. The need of "mild confiscation" and a distribution of the lands of the unrepentant rebels among the Freedmen, is manifest.

A MEETING to be addressed by Wendell Phillips will be held at Kennett Square, Pa., on the 5th of November. The anouncement of this and other meetings to be held in Pennsylvania we publish elsewhere.

THE STANDARD AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

A VIRGINIA Freedman, who is making good use of freedom, writes us as follows:

"In reading your paper I have gained information and great satisfaction. If I can get your paper circulated in this section, it will do great good.

"There seemed to be a great fear amongst some of the people in the different States about the danger of colored men as office-holders. There is no need to fear the negroes. If they are qualified as citizens of the United States of America, they have, or ought to have, the right to fill any office. Laws that were made by "wise" men in the time of slavery cannot be worse made by ignorant negroes. Therefore we should be more careful about bad white men, though wise they may be, as they are about negroes, foolish as they are. I hope the nation may, for the future, be governed by good and just men. I call upon the white men to treat the colored man's rights with respect; to pay them well when they work well."

A GENTLEMAN officially connected with a Board of Registration in South Carolina, and in whose district the blacks registered are largely in the majority, writes us:

"I believe Republicanism can walk the course here; but still when I reflect that a Democratic combination holds all the land and can say—"Be off! quit my premises! unless you vote my ticket"—I sometimes feel anxious, and am compelled to instruct the unsophisticated how to fall back on a voter's defence, when he finds himself in a tight place."

We hope Congress, at the coming session, will agree upon some plan of mild confiscation, and a distribution of the large landed estates of rebels among the now dependent blacks, and loyal poor whites.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC AGITATION.—The agitation now going on in Nottingham, England, with reference to the cruelty practiced toward calves prior to their being slaughtered, has had its influence upon the butchers of the town. At a meeting of the trade, held recently, a discussion took place, which was entirely friendly to the stopping of the system of bleeding calves prior to killing; and a resolution was unanimously adopted to the effect that the meeting pledge themselves not to bleed calves before killing them, and to use their best efforts to induce the trade generally to adopt the same resolve.

CORRECTION.—In No. 4 of Rev. Beriah Green's Criticisms, for *demonstration*, nearly at the conclusion of next to last paragraph, read *denomination*.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE following arrangements have been made in reference to the meetings in November:

1. To hold the meeting for Wendell Phillips on the 5th Nov., at Kennett Square, Chester Co.

2. To hold the meeting for Wendell Phillips on the evening of the 6th of November, Wednesday, in the Horticultural Hall, West Chester.

In the afternoon the Executive Committee of the State Society wish to hold a conference with the members and friends of the Society residing in and near West Chester. The place and hour will be named next week.

3. To hold the Annual Meeting of the Society in Philadelphia, at Franklin Institute Hall, Seventh st., south of Market, on the 8th of November, Friday. One session from 10 to about 4 o'clock.

4. To hold the Festival or annual social gathering in the under hall of the Horticultural Building on Broad street, near Square. Doors open from 4 to 5 o'clock, and the lecture of Wendell Phillips at 8 o'clock precisely, in the main hall.

Details in a future number.

The object of these Meetings is to keep the public mind alive, by direct appeals, and to collect means to continue the effort through THE STANDARD for securing Freedom to the Freedmen.

Some one is needed in each locality to take the lead in this work, and it is earnestly requested that any one who sees this, and is willing to work, will send at once their name and address to

E. M. DAVIS,
Chairman of the Committee.
Box 568, P. O., Philadelphia.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Sigel has taken up his residence at Morrisania, Westchester county, New York.

Anna E. Dickinson announces as her theme the present lecture season, "Idiots and Women."

Wm. H. Burleigh, widely known as an earnest and eloquent champion of freedom will, as usual, answer calls for lectures in places not too remote from New York. He may be addressed at 37 Huntington Place, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Maria Starks, residing in Ontario county, New York, cut and harvested this season, over twenty-five acres of wheat with her own hands. Her health improved immensely by the operation; she acquired the bronze complexion so fashionable just now in Paris, and is said to have gained fifty pounds of flesh.

The Rev. Beriah Green, of Whitesboro, N. Y., is spending a few days with friends and relatives in this city and Brooklyn. Though quite advanced in years, he is in excellent health, and keenly alive to the absorbing problems of the day, in relation to the negro's welfare, and all questions of political, religious and social progress.

The Rev. Frederick Frothingham was installed over the First Unitarian Church, of Buffalo, New York, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 2. The following was the order of services: Voluntary; Prayer, by Rev. F. W. Holland; Reading Scripture, by Rev. Dr. Hosmer; Sermon, by Rev. Robert Collyer; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Dr. Hosmer; Charge, by Rev. Samuel J. May; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. J. H. Hartzell; Address to the People, by Rev. F. W. Holland; Closing Prayer, by Rev. S. J. May; Benediction, by the new pastor.

Abby Kelley Foster, who has for the past year been in a very critical state of health, is, we are very glad to learn, much improved, with an encouraging prospect of complete recovery. We have just received the following note from a Boston correspondent:

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

To The Editor of the Standard:

It may rejoice the friends of our Cause to know that our dear and long-tried friend, Abby Kelley, Foster is realizing a restoration to health.

How gratifying it will be can we but see and hear her as we were wont at our Anti-Slavery gatherings, with her earnest exposition of duties and principles.

How sweetly has she borne her invalid condition for so many years, laboring all the while for the good of others. In a friendly letter just received, assuring us of her convalescence, Mrs. Foster writes: "I am feeling very much like my former self." M. E. S.

Boston, Oct. 15th.

George W. Smalley, special correspondent of the *Tribune*, writes from London, September 28:

Garibaldi is the one topic of Europe, and even in London, in England, which has few sympathies to spare for Continental liberty, a strange sympathy for the Liberator of Italy grows out of his arrest. You will not find it in the newspapers—not before this morning, at least, when there is one astonishing article in the great journal which has derided Garibaldi so often that one knows not what to make of cordial words from such a source. Why should selfish England care what happens to Garibaldi? Is there at last a spasm of remorse that she banished him, an invited guest, from her shores at the dictation of the immeasurable scoundrel whom men call Emperor of the French?

I should scarcely undertake to report from London English opinions on Garibaldi. The men who make opinion are out of London. But I receive this morning three notes—one from Sinalunga, two from the prison fortress of Alessandria—and I gather out of them a few sentences for friends in America. These were written after the arrest. I ought first to quote a letter of the 22d at Arrezzo:

"We are here, actually lodged in Syndic's house. Splendid reception. Volunteers all in red shirts—some 800.

"None of Garibaldi's personal friends believe in arrest. *I do.* Crispi assures me that it will take place, since what Ratazzi leaves undone, Napoleon will do.'"

From Sinalunga comes a note dated 24th, 7 a. m.:

"I have just telegraphed you. Twenty carabinieri and four companies of the 37th Regiment of the Line arrested the General in this eagle's nest. Basso and Del Vecchio, the Secretaries, 'consigned themselves.'"

Next, Wednesday, from the Fortress of Alessandria, written on the back of a half sheet of paper, on the obverse of which are the arms of the Kingdom of Italy, and underneath—

COMMANDO MILITARE
della
FORTEZZA E PROVINCIA DI ALLESSANDRIA.

—beneath which is again the signature of my brave correspondent whose name I scarcely know whether to print or not. Many people will guess it without printing.

"I use this scrap on which I have had to write my name to tell you that I am in the fortress, have seen the General, but am not sure that I can get out; if I do, you will receive a letter by the post after this. But for the *Tribune* I should share his fate. As it is, I shall try to get out, as I have pledged myself.

"He is very angry, and reclaims his American citizenship, seeing that as a deputy he is arrested.'

Finally, this:

"I send you something more precious than gold. G. has just signed them. He is lying on the sofa, very sad, very stern. I go to Mr. Marsh to see whether he recognizes his American citizenship. I have posted letters to you, with the facts but short. It is now 60 hours that none of us have slept."

Inclosed were two photographs of Garibaldi, one taken at Geneva, the latest, and his friends say much the best ever taken. The head is without the cap almost always worn. The other is a Florence picture, with cap and shawl. Both have the autograph of Garibaldi, and on the back of one is an inscription, also in Garibaldi's hand. I shall commit one more indiscretion, and copy it:

To Wendell Phillips,
Liberatore degli schiavi neri
G. GARIBALDI.
Prisione D'Alessandria,
25 Settembre, 1867.

The letters which should reach you by this post from Alessandria and Florence, may or may not get through. At any rate, you will like to print these personal details, the slight incidents of an hour to be memorable forever in Italian history. News this morning is that Garibaldi has been sent to Caprera, to be kept there under guard lest he complete the work of liberation of which he is the architect. The man who sends him is the man to whom he gave a kingdom.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, October 13th, 1867.

DEATH has just taken from us one of the truly excellent men of Boston, Hon. Charles G. Loring. Of the variety of usefulness which made him conspicuous the *Advertiser* well says—"Religion, morality, politics, jurisprudence, literature, public and private charity, social culture, and public-spirited generosity in all its forms, will alike be called upon to lament this loss." His very extensive and successful legal practice was conducted to the advantage not merely of his clients, but of the Court, and of public justice. He was emphatically an *honest* lawyer.

Mr. Loring was in former times, like Hon. Josiah Quincy, a member of the old Whig party; but, like that gentleman, his influence always urged his party towards reform, progress, a more thorough incorporation of right and justice with politics. His advocacy of the cause of freedom in early cases of Southern outrage upon Northern rights, in meeting the annexation of Texas and the invasion of Kansas, and, after the rebellion broke out, in his speeches and writings in behalf of the nation's rights and duties, will be well remembered by those who acted with him; and his publications on "Our Neutral Relations," on "The Alabama Claims," and on "Reconstruction," were eminently useful in giving light upon those subjects, both to the English and to our own people.

The second lecture of the Parker Fraternity Course was delivered by Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, upon his favorite theme, the rights of Woman, and the duties of the nation towards her. He answered the objections ordinarily urged against the concession of "equal rights" to woman, politically and socially, and gave fearful specimens of the injustice of existing laws to married women, both in regard to the possession and use of property, and to the custody of their children. The inequality of property rights between the two parties to the matrimonial contract, was well illustrated by the case of a man who, being worth nothing, in both senses, received with his wife $100,000. Dying not long after, he bequeathed to his wife her own $100,000—on condition that she should not marry again!

Cases of the squandering of the wife's property by the husband are unfortunately not rare; but probably few in Mr. Tilton's audience were aware of the existence of another legal enormity which he mentioned, namely, the power given to a husband to make a will committing his children, and even his unborn child, to the custody of some person other than the mother. He quoted the case of a foreigner who married an American woman, and who, dying after the lapse of a few months, provided by will that his child, yet to be born, should be given into the keeping of his relatives in a distant country; and he further stated that the laws of a very great majority of the States of this Union contain a provision of this sort.

"Equality before the law," Mr. Tilton said, was the thing usually demanded by advocates of woman's rights; but he claimed further that they were entitled equality to *behind* the law; a right to assist in making and administering those laws which are to have control of their property and their persons; if women have a right to go to jail, they have a right also to sit in the jury-box and to vote at the ballot-box; and the possession of this last privilege (he should have said *right*) is the best security for the attainment of full justice by women.

The third annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, which held three sessions last week in this city, was an occasion of great interest. In the absence of the President, Prof. William B. Rogers, Ex-Governor Washburn was called to the chair. The Introductory Address, which was given extemporaneously by Samuel Eliot, LL D., of this city, (in the absence of the gentleman from whom it was expected), was one of the most interesting and valuable transactions of the meeting. Dr. Eliot gave a brief sketch of the work accomplished by the Association during the two years of its existence, and urged that effective measures be taken to attract more members, to raise a publication fund, and to print, as soon as possible, the papers already read before the body, or a selection from them.

Referring to the Great Exposition at Paris, and the results that have flowed and will flow from it, Dr. Eliot said it was a significant and cheering mark of the tendencies of the present time, that the great Emperor who founded and regulated that immense enterprise should have seen that one of the best methods of obtaining the distinction he sought from it was to compete for and win (which he did) a prize for the best-contrived model for working-men's houses. Again, the labor and expense of the Exposition would have been amply repaid, had nothing been accomplished except those deliberations of the International Monetary Conference, which seem now to promise us an uniform standard of coin, and also of weight and measurement, to be used among all civilized nations.

Dr. Eliot also gave interesting details respecting the recent International Working-mens' Congress at Lausanne. Only about sixty persons, half of them Swiss, were engaged in it; but they grappled in a manly way with questions of the highest importance, and such deficiency of good order, method and intelligence, as appeared in their proceedings, were clearly due to the circumstances that had hitherto surrounded them, rather than to the men themselves. Labor is awaking to a consideration of its rights, its responsibilities and duties. The world seems alive to the discussion of all questions affecting the humanity, improvement and elevation of men and women, and the speaker could see no reason why religion and religious people should not take their share in this work. He felt sure that the day would come when religion would look more kindly on philanthropy, and when philanthropy would look less suspiciously on religion. All may agree at least in one thing, that is our duty to endeavor to make the world better through our having lived and acted in it.

Dr. Eliot said that the scope of this Association is far greater than has been generally supposed. It includes the protection of all who need protection, the elevation of all who need elevation, and the direction of all who need direction. Prominent among these objects, Dr. Eliot said, is a full and fair consideration of the employment, education and rights, political and other, of women; his own wish was that these matters might be viewed and treated in a spirit of the widest and most generous sympathy. He closed with a sketch of some of the varied departments comprised in the work of the Association; and this sketch was so just, beautiful and eloquent, that it was afterwards unanimously voted that he be requested to write it out for publication, as the best possible means of exciting the interest of those who have not yet joined the Association.

To the same effect was the report of Dr. Eliot's colleague in the Secretaryship, F. B. Sanborn, Esq. He referred to various reformatory and progressive movements now going on in this country, in which active and honorary members of the Association had been concerned, naming among these, measures for the welfare of freedmen in the South, the education movement begun by George Peabody, the effort to equalize our tax and revenue systems, the instructing of deaf mutes, the care of insane persons, idiots, and prisoners, the co-operative labor movement, the reformation of inebriates, the preservation of infant life, and other kindred matters.

One of the principal purposes of this meeting was the reading of three papers: one by Dr. Edward Jarvis, on "The effect of Condensation of Population on Human Life;" one by Dr. Nathan Allen, on "The Population of Massachusetts, and Changes in the Physical Organization of Females in relation to the Laws of Human Increase;" and one by Dr. J. R. Nichols, on "Bread and Bread-making."

All these were interesting and valuable papers, and all elicited some comment from the members present; but most of the discussion turned upon the very important subject brought forward by Dr. Allen, who gave startling statistics as to the failure of increase of the native population in Massachusetts, and all the New England States except Maine.

In some of our towns, the annual deaths exceed births. Large families used to be the rule, now they are the exception. The birth rate, which should be one in thirty in a prosperous country, is here only one in forty. In Vermont, one year, it was only one in forty-nine.

The primary object of the marriage institution, Dr. Allen assumed, is the propagation of the race. Statistics show that, in other countries, married women are more healthy and longer lived than those who are single. But the physical organization of New England women has for some time been changing unfavorably for the production of offspring. This change has been produced by neglect of muscular exercise, particularly of domestic labor, by wrong habits of dress, diet and regimen, and by an incorrect method of education. The present system of education, giving too much exercise to the brain, both positively and comparatively, tends to an excessive development of the nervous temperament. In addition to these general causes of ill health, many married women seriously injure their constitutions by the intentional production of abortion, or by other modes of preventing an increase of offspring. It has unfortunately become customary and fashionable among us for husbands and wives to *choose* to have but few children.

Several gentlemen and ladies joined in discussing the subject thus presented. Dr. Horatio B. Storer, who has heretofore published two valuable works upon it—"Why Not? a Book for Every Woman", and "Is it I? a Book for Every Man"—spoke of the need of devoting public attention to this subject until a reform is brought about.

Mrs. Dr. Young, of Lowell, said that her experience as a physician had shown her that prostitutes had a higher average of bodily health than our married women; the former are free from one of the sources of disorder and derangement to which the latter are exposed. She firmly believed that, vicious and hurtful as the practice of abortion certainly is, the *most* fruitful source of ill health among our married women is the wasting of the vital powers and forces of their husbands by improper courses. The just and natural use of the relation of husband to wife would tend to maintain and invigorate, instead of injuring, the health of the latter.

Rev. C. F. Barnard thought the principal thing needed was a religious sense of the proper nature and obligations of the marriage relation.

Near the close of the evening session, MRS. C. H. DALL and Prof. Rogers spoke with much feeling of the loss sustained by the Association, as well as the community, in the death of Mr. Loring.

After discussion on the time and place of the next General Meeting of the Association, it was voted to hold it in New York city, on the 19th, 20th and 21st of November. Mr. Dugdale, Rev. E. C. Wines and Rev. P. R. Pierce of New York earnestly recommended this place of meeting, proffering the use of Cooper Institute for the sessions, and suggesting visits by the Association to the prisons in the city, and also to the Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders.

The people in and around New York who are interested in reformatory movements, ought by all means to attend the sessions, contribute to the funds, and join in the labors of this admirable Association. NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24, 1867.

HARDLY had the result of the recent election in our State been definitely known, before it was announced that the formation of a new party had been resolved upon. It is almost needless to say that the men who proposed this project are among the defeated candidates, and those who habitually hunger and thirst after office in the Republican party. They are professional politicians, and are actuated by no motive higher than the most apparent selfishness. They evidently feel that political success is far more important than the maintenance of principle, and that a mere partisan triumph is of greater consequence than simple devotion to a just cause.

These men are sorely disappointed. They are irritated by defeat, and the constant object that exercises their vexed souls, and pervades their thoughts, is the NEGRO. He is the victim of their umbrage. To him they attribute their failure. They declare that he is the obstacle they cannot surmount, and therefore have determined that he must be cast aside.

The essential characteristic of the proposed new party is the omission of the negro. These managing political hucksters care more for office than for him, and have less solicitude for his rights than for the welfare of their party. They would rather see him sacrificed to the perpetual vengeance and malignity of his foes than risk their personal interests in the scramble for the loaves and fishes of office. They would rather condemn him to the oppression and foolish hate of his enemies than show one sign of regard for his rights, if it involves detriment to themselves politically, their prospects or their hopes. The policy of a brief hour, and not the dominion of eternal principles, chiefly engages their souls.

In the minds of both Democrats and Republicans the negro occupies a central position in their contemplation of the late election. The Democrats, as is usual with them, are vulgar and brutal in their attitude towards him, making lavish disclosures of their buffoonery and comic displays at his expense, both when they are drunk and when sober. He seems to draw out their shameless flow of grossness and indecency, and his abused name is associated with their drunkenness, mingled with their low derision, and coupled with their profane and blasphemous ejaculations.

The milk-and-water Republicans, on the other hand, are not comic, they are vexed. They can freely denounce the innocent negro with mild damnatory phrase, and while ascribing to him the primary cause of their defeat, declare that henceforth he must be counted out, perhaps repudiated. In their weakness and their selfishness I have heard some of them say that they mean to shake off the odor of the African. They seem to forget that at their last nominating convention he was actually ignored, hoping by their cowardly expediency to win at the polls. Having lost, their chagrin and disappointment are more poignant because they demeaned themselves in order to conquer. Next time let them manfully recognize the just claims of the negro, and should they fare worse than on this occasion, they may solace themselves with the reflection that in the defeat their position was an honorable one.

I have sometimes supposed that this class of craven Republicans were but a handful compared with the great bulk of the organization. But this is a mistake, and the number is surprising that join in this weak and silly demonstration against the negro. It simply shows how half-hearted they are in their attachment to principle, and how shallow and insincere has been their advocacy of the black man's rights. They can join in maintaining his rights when it is popular to do so, using him for the advantage of their party, but they are not willing to jeopard their party for his welfare. Let us hope that these are but the puny insects of the hour, flitting about the light of truth, and that their poor and selfish counsels will be disdained by the true advocates of justice, who are actuated by a better purpose, a nobler spirit and a stronger resolve, and who are too sanguine of the ultimate triumph of equal rights to be dismayed by failure, or to regard a defeat as synonymous with disaster.

I notice a call in a morning paper, headed by our District Attorney, for a ward meeting of those favorable to the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency. Here is another evidence of apprehension for the future, and submission to expediency. It will not be a severe struggle for the managing politicians to abandon statesmanship, ability, and examples of faithful devotion to principle, for a choice dictated by availability. If General Grant is not up to any kind of a respectable standard in reference to these particulars, they will do all in their power with tongue and pen to exalt him to any height desired.

It has already been announced in THE STANDARD that the proposed Festival will be held here on the 8th of November, the day of the Convention. Those having the matter under their supervision are using their endeavors to organize the work in its behalf. They will industriously seek to insure its thorough success, and any aid from our friends which they will indicate may be given, will be gladly welcomed. It is earnestly to be desired that they assist and co-operate in the efforts that are needed to promote the enterprise, and to make it surpass, in every beneficial respect, the one of last Winter. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance both at the Meeting and Festival, and let our friends in this section make it a primary object to secure this result. The good work for subserving a greater work cannot be too soon begun, and diligence in its pursuit will be worthily bestowed. At this important hour justice claims its faithful advocates, and they cannot relinquish their posts of duty in its service. Let us willingly make our exertions tributary to theirs.

W.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10, 1867.

HON. F. E. WOODBRIDGE, Representative from Vermont, who did more than any one man in Congress to shield the President from the just penalty of his crimes, has recently visited this city and had an interview (so it is reported—I was not present) with his patron saint Andrew. About that time the work of printing the impeachment evidence was suspended. It was alleged for fear of its being made public before the meeting of Congress. The reason given, however, *was not* the true one; at least no Radical here believes it.

Opportunity for procrastination was the real object of the suspension.

I am somewhat surprised that my last letter should have called forth a rejoinder from Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania. It was far from my intention to unfairly criticize the position or acts of that gentleman. What I stated, however, was "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," as his own letter most clearly establishes.

Now it is notorious that the Republican party, as a party, continued to endorse the President long after his treachery was at least more than suspected.

By Judge Kelley's own showing, he discovered President Johnson's infernal treachery in May, 1865, *and it was not until March*, 15, 1866, *that he made that discovery known!* Other Republicans can fairly plead ignorance; but he endorsed the White House traitor, at least by silence, ten long months after being convinced of his true character.

I repeat, therefore, it is a pity that Judge Kelley did not see it his duty to denounce the President then—just as soon as he learned his infernal treachery—instead of endorsing him, as the whole Republican party did, for ten long months thereafter.

Again, Judge Kelley charges me with accusing him of pursuing "the same time-serving course towards McClellan."

Nothing in my letter will bear such construction. Here is all I said in regard to McClellan, and that merely to show the danger of placing confidence in men, in high position, who are known to be unworthy:

"Geo. B. McClellan was known, in 1861, to be in full sympathy with the rebels, and only on our side because we gave him better position and pay; yet the Republican party endorsed him, claimed him as all right, and so thoroughly deified him that it was with the utmost difficulty the people were undeceived when the rebels and copperheads tried to make him President."

Since, however, Judge Kelley claims to have been the first, or among the first, to assail the policy of McClellan, in his speech of January 8, 1862, I may as well state who was the first in that good work.

The first knowledge—clear knowledge—the people had of McClellan's utter incapacity and unworthiness, was in October, 1861, from the pen of Charles Ellet, Jr., Civil Engineer, who wrote and published a pamphlet entitled: "The Army of the Potomac, and its Mismanagement: Respectfully addressed to Congress."

Col. Ellet's pamphlet was wonderfully prophetic; though written in October, 1861, it is now the clearest and best criticism upon McClellan's whole course at the head of our army yet published. It contained the plans followed by Gen. Sherman, in his "March to the Sea," and by Gen. Grant in his capture of Richmond.

Indeed, it was not until Col. Ellet's plans were followed by the government that any headway was made in putting down the rebellion; and to him, more than to any one man, is our country indebted for its final success.

Here, then, are the dates of the first noteworthy public exposures of the greatest humbug of the age, Geo. B. McClellan:

Col. Charles Ellet, Jr.'s Pamphlet, October, 1861.

First Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, December, 1861.

Speech by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, January, 1862.

Letters by Geo. Wilkes, July, 1862.

General denunciation by the Republican press and speakers, 1863.

I am ever willing to give our public men full credit for all efforts for the public good; but when they claim a leadership where they are only followers, some disallowance must be made,

Yours for God and Freedom. C. C. C. C.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON "PROHIBITION."

SKETCH OF A DISCOURSE BEFORE THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE, BOSTON, SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6.

WE are now entering on a new phase of the temperance movement in Massachusetts. For the first time in the history of that movement we have a public and organized foe. The temperance movement thirty years ago was merely an attempt to inform the public mind and throw a flood of light on the healthfulness, safety, and the general aspect of the use of intoxicating liquors. Subsequently it became an individual Christian effort to arrest the downward step of the intemperate man himself and to convert the drunkard. The Washingtonian movement represented this phase of the enterprise.

After twenty-five years of discussion the people of the Commonwealth thought they understood the question, and put the prohibitory law upon our statute-books. Objection has been made to this law on the ground that we attempted to make men virtuous by statute. This was not true; when State Constable Jones goes down into some drunkard-maker's grog-shop, empties out the liquor, and places the seller between four walls, his object is not to make that man virtuous; it is to make him harmless; and this was the object of the prohibitory law, to protect the community. Law was not made for the purpose of making the sinner virtuous, but its first object was to make the criminal harmless. The prohibitory policy of the temperance movement had nothing to do with virtue; its object was to shut up those pits of hell, the gilded grog-shops into which the young men of Boston were daily falling.

The temperance movement had two objects, which were attained by separate methods; one was to use all possible influences to make the drunkard virtuous, and the other was to take by the neck and throttle into harmlessness the men who endeavor to tempt their fellow men to sin in every tenth house in this city.

Gov. Andrew had attempted to show in his lengthy argument that alcoholic liquor was not poisonous, but an article of food; statistics, however, had shown that the use of intoxicating liquor was responsible for two-thirds of the taxation and four-fifths of the crime in this Commonwealth, and the speaker said if it only could be shown that good roast-beef had caused the same evils he would go for its prohibition. This the government had a right to do, for the first principle of all government was the protection of the rights of its subjects. Every man has a right to live in this community at the cheapest possible rate, and a man has the right to the prohibition of every art and every trade in his neighborhood which injures his health or endangers his life. No man has a right so to use his property as to trench on the rights of another. When it was evident that so great a proportion of our taxation and crime was caused by the grog-shops in our midst, society had a right to inquire why they existed, and to shut them up.

The motives of the counsel and witnesses in favor of a license law were severely criticised, and the statistics given by doctors in relation to the numbers who die from drunkenness referred to as being given by partial judges who had their constituency and business to look after. Of all the array of testimony before the Legislative Committee in favor of a license law, the whole ground-work was false and rotten, for from two-thirds of the men who there appeared he could have obtained a certificate that Jeff. Davis ought to have been President, and that the United States government had no right to resist secession. While the streets of Boston were unsafe, and there were over three thousand rum holes within her limits, he did not wish to listen to any of Gov. Andrews's metaphysics or any of his stilted and bedevilled statistics. If we had a right to arrest a forger or a thief, we have a right to arrest the persons who were the indirect cause of the forgery and theft which had been committed. But there is not a single man in this Commonwealth who undertakes to say that, with the facts which lie all about us, government ought not to lay its hands on this trade. The Public Liquor League itself only undertakes to ask for a license. There has not existed since history began a heathen or Christian State which has not claimed the exercise of the right to license this traffic.

The moment it is admitted that the government had the right to license, to interfere at all with the sale of liquor, the only question that can come up is the degree to which that license shall be granted. The only question between the prohibitionists and the license law supporters is one of degree. All agree that it should be restrained, but the controversy is as to how much and the methods to be used. There are two methods to accomplish this, but no difference in principle. The P. L. L.'s were crying out all over the State that the prohibitory law restrained the liberty of our citizens and interfered with their rights; but government itself is a system of interference. The system of licensing extensively had been tried for two hundred years, and it had failed. Now we have a new system to try; all he asked for it was twenty-five years; and then if it did not succeed we would try something else. But we will not give it up, even then. We will not allow the liquor dealers of Massachusetts to rule the Commonwealth.

Prohibition may be of no avail, and license equally futile; but while the Yankee brain continued to live we would continue to invent method after method, until the streets of Boston are made safe for weak men to walk therein. The first step to secure this was to try every good invention offered to us—and the present one is prohibition. It had been matured after thirty years' discussion, and placed upon our statute-books. A great banded effort was now made to break it down, and he welcomed the struggle. It would be one of the most terrific and instructive phenomena which the world ever witnessed; one of the most terrible ordeals through which a Democratic government could pass, and we are passing through this to-day. The hoarded wisdom of ages, which has been stereotyped into statutes, is sought to be overthrown and defeated by the criminal and most dangerous portions of our community. In New York the gamblers and keepers of brothel-houses had gathered together, organized, and held meetings to influence the public, and had declared their intention to oppose the law of the land by every means in their power. They have put all shame under their feet, and come out squarely in opposition to law and good order. The war had commenced, the struggle would be terrible; but eventually the law would triumph, and the vicious and the ministers of vice and crime would be trampled under foot, and the men who try to coin wealth out of the vices of their times and thwart the statutes of the commonwealth in which they live, will receive the reward which they deserve. The men who were constantly disobeying the law were now undertaking to change it, and it became every lover of true government to see where he stood at such a moment.

Mr. Phillips said he stood in opposition to the law at one time himself, but he did it in the name of justice and humanity, and appealing to the sense of the civilized world; but the men who were most active in the present movement were acting for their own selfish interest. They defy the law, and they undertake at the same time to change it. Shame on every member of the illegal association organized for that purpose! Go down and clean your hands of illegal action before you attempt to lift them in endeavors to change the laws of the Commonwealth.

The present emergency was not a time for words; the Anti-Slavery movement did nothing until it avowed a political object, neither could the temperance men hope to gain their cause until the political machinery was made use of. They should nominate their own officers and vote for none others. When we have had a due amount of discussion, when public opinion is ripened and matured, and facts in abundance have accumulated and the public mind convinced, then is the time for politics to come in and secure the results for which so much labor has been spent. The Temperance men will win nothing while they mingle themselves with Republicans at conventions, and allow their principles to be thrown overboard to lighten the ship. The Republicans would be afraid to lose the temperance men, and if they organized and made their demand as a body of prohibitionists their demand would have been complied with. The temperance movement would never succeed until this was done. The advocates of it must be earnest, and they must bring their earnestness to the polls; they must not wait till a majority is secured; a majority did not rule, it was brains that ruled, and the brains of earnest live men must be brought into this contest. Secret association must be met by secret association, and organized movement by organized movement. When members of a liquor league go into a Republican convention pledged not to support a candidate, should he be nominated by the majority there, if he was not in favor of a license law, then the temperance men should not be bound to support that candidate unless he was a prohibitionist. The liquor league were bound to secure their object; and if it could not be done in the Republican party, they would go to the Democratic party. The temperance men must not allow their principles to be thrown overboard; they must stick by their principles and not be beguiled by any party whatsoever. The prohibitory law was on the statute books. That we were supporting. The opposing party were the criminals who were attempting to thwart it. We must not sacrifice principle. May God dash that party to pieces which could not stand safe with the temperance cause in its hand! By the living God, we swear, if there is a way to do it, if there is faith in man, and strength in the government—if not now, then in the days of our children—these old streets of Boston shall be safe for even weak man to walk in!—*Commonwealth.*

MR. EMERSON'S ORATION.

BY REV. BERIAH GREEN.

NO. V.

"A good man finds the law from a single observation, as a farmer finds cattle by the footprints."—*R. W. Emerson's Oration.*

Some of his readers may be startled by Mr. Emerson's assurance, that "the narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity; the creeds of his church must be left at the door of the observatory." "The great strides which have here been made within the present century," have crushed the foundations on which reposed the conclusions he had admitted and the hopes he had cherished! And so the progress of astronomy had revolutionized—nay, subverted the theologies which had prevailed around him! I am here reminded of the exclamation of Gerrit Smith: "How heaven-high above its present condition and character would humanity have been if, when Jesus began his ministry of light and love, there had been the present progress in astronomy and geology for that ministry to blend with! In unavoidable adaptation to their petty and fanciful universe, the early Christians adopted, and, in part, constructed a petty and fanciful theology."

May we, then, infer from such representations, that what is here magnified as progress in the natural science, raises the student above the narrowness of sectarianism! Has he happily embodied general principles in his character—"sublime generalizations" in history? Leaving his "creed at the door of the observatory," has he, in distinction from the sectarians, who have not "read astronomy," cordially embraced and manfully exemplified those primal truths which are an overflowing and exhaustless source of life and light—of wisdom and power! Is the "present condition" and character of humanity heaven-high above" the character and condition of the first disciples of Jesus? The men of "the present century" so greatly superior to Peter and James and John, and to those women "who ministered unto the Saviour of their substance!" By what standard and in what respects?

The *passions* of adepts in astronomy and geology are just as imperious and violent—just as exorbitant and exacting as are the passions of their less learned fellows. Was not Francis Bacon the wonder of his age—the wonder of succeeding ages? In "character and condition" did he rise superior to his unlettered fellows? Science must make infinitely greater "strides" than "the present century" has witnessed, before it can even begin to subjugate and control the passions even of those who are most conversant with its secrets and most affluent in its wealth. Was not the greatest philosopher of England, Francis Bacon by name, servile, abject, prostitute in the presence of the wretched Zany, whom he called a king; and contemptuous, malignant, cruel, in his bearing toward those who refused to bow down before his impotent and smutty idols? Wholly engrossed with and controlled by the factious distinctions which divide the human family into cliques and clans and parties! And he who was false to the nature he had inherited, and to the responsibilities which bound him to mankind in the island of Great Britain, would not have been true to himself and his fellows if no limit had in any way been thrown between him and the fields of immensity. He who does not rise to piety and philanthropy in the obscurest nook of human existence, would, if conducted to the sun-lit heights of the universe, still be "a narrow sectarian." It is THE MAN who makes the world; not THE WORLD that makes the man. Extent, size, bulk—these have little influence in the formation of character.

Mr. Emerson is well advised in assuring us that "a good mind finds THE LAW FROM A SINGLE OBSERVATION!" The tree from which the apple fell, through which Newton "found the law" of gravitation, might for aught I know, have grown in a retired corner in the midst of an extended area. What matter? The apple which in Newton's presence fell from its branches, was a symbol, fit and expressive, of a law most comprehensive and sovereign in its authority. "The great strides in natural science, witnessed by the present century," might have furnished a more imposing symbol; but could in no way modify the law, already revealed in the fall of the apple, which gave to all such symbols, whatever their form and name, their significance. It is one thing in the progress of science to discover and apply *new* laws; quite another to "find" additional expressions and manifestations of ordinances already studied and applied.

Long before the dawn of "the present century," sublime generalizations had been announced and welcomed. *The Creator and his creatures—God and humanity—the Father and his children—man and his brethren,* have "the science of geology, astronomy, chemistry, zoology" furnished us with "sublime generalizations?" Where may we find a richer and more "poetic experience" than that which inspired and refreshed the writer of the XIXth Psalm—which still refreshes and inspires every open-hearted reader? No one can adjust himself to the general principles implied, and the grand conclusions announced in this old Hebrew ode, and remain "a sectarian." A manly regard for the prerogatives of God and the rights of mankind, whatever may be his attainments in geology and astronomy, will raise him to a natural position amidst his relations and responsibilities—will enable him to appropriate the priceless blessings which his birth-right involves—*will make the universe his home.* While he refuses to be filial in the presence of his Father and fraternal among his Brethren, the refinements of literature and the riches of science will leave him where they found him—the slave of appetite and passion.

BERIAH GREEN.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The following Address has been issued by the Women's Impartial Suffrage Association of Lawrence, Kansas:

TO THE WOMEN OF KANSAS:

At the coming election on the 5th of November, questions of the greatest importance to every citizen of Kansas, whether man or woman, will be presented for the action of the people. Shall the right of suffrage be extended to negroes? Shall the right of suffrage be extended to women?

The question of the enfranchisement of the negro now mainly occupies the attention of the Republican party. Upon the same principle, viz.: that of equal rights and equal justice to all, we ask the ballot for women, and expect to obtain it.

One great obstacle that the advocates of female suffrage have to contend with is the declaration on the part of many good and intelligent women that they do not want to vote. They say they are contented with their present condition; they have all the rights they want, and do not need the ballot; and they will take no interest in the matter, except to deprecate its agitation by women. Women of Kansas, let us reason together for a little concerning this matter.

Honored wives and mothers, who, dwelling at ease in the comfortable homes your husbands provide for you, declare you do not want to vote, and would consider it almost a reflection on your husbands to desire such a thing, do you consider yourselves capable of forming a correct judgment in reference to any matter of public interest? You read the newspapers and are familiar with the literature of the day, and pride yourselves upon your general information and intelligence; can you, then, form a judgment as to the justness of any law, or the character of any candidate for office? Were any one to assert that you were not capable of this, you would resent it as an insult.

But, say you, we feel no interest in public measures, laws, candidates, etc.; our sphere, cares and duties are at home. So thought thousands of American women five years ago; but war, as the result of public measures, laws and candidates, called from the hearthstones and hearts of these same women husbands, brothers, sons, and slew them on the field of battle—in crowded hospitals—in rebel prisons. Think you the women of America then had no interest in public measures? Can it be that any woman who has given one of her household to save our country will declare that she takes no interest in the government and affairs of that country? Consider a moment whether you have any interest in matters more immediately pressing upon our attention. Is it of any importance to you whether the dram-shops be closed or not? Perhaps your husbands are safe—above suspicion or fear of temptation; but those little sons playing around your knee, that young brother who is about to leave the paternal roof—when the hour comes that they shall go forth into the world, is it of any concern to you whether temptation meet them at every corner? Said a rumseller who is bitterly opposed to female suffrage, "What more do you want? A man cannot now get license to sell liquor without the names of a majority of all the women of the ward upon his petition." Very true; but mark this—unless the women of Kansas obtain the ballot, that law will soon be blotted from the statute-book.

Again, the women of Kansas now vote on questions concerning the erection of school-houses and matters pertaining to the facilities for the education of their children. Where has this provision wrought anything but good? How many school districts now have commodious school-houses because the women of the district, who were mothers and wanted schools for their children, outnumbered the men who, though large landholders, are not residents or had no children and did not want schools? Can it be that any woman who has felt and wielded the power for good that the ballot gave her in this respect, will yet declare that she does not want to vote?

If, then, you are capable of forming opinions on matters of public interest, and if you admit that you are in some degree liable to be affected by public affairs, in the name of heaven, of right, of home—in the name of husband, brothers, sons, can you not—will you not give your voice in favor of right and against wrong? Begin now, if you have never done so before, to inquire into the character of our lawmakers, the justness of our laws, the regard our country pays to the rights of all. If you do not feel the need of so doing for yourselves, yet for the sake of generations yet to come, interest yourselves "that our officers may be peace and our executors righteousness." If you are in circumstances of ease and comfort, because shielded from every rude wind by noble protectors—father, husband, son—yet listen to the cry of thousands of women less favored than ourselves, whose natural protectors, as we style them, the licensed dram-shop transforms into abusive tyrants, from whom they must be protected, or who, being deprived of husband and father, cry aloud of the injustice inflicted upon them in their dependent condition by laws framed in unrighteousness. Listen, we say, to their cry, and will you not desire, yea, will you not demand the right to your voice on all these questions in the only way in which you can effectually do so—the use of the ballot? Why, it would seem that every earnest, philanthropic woman would desire to do so, even were she obliged to go to the polls in their present condition, instead of the reformed and purified state that will inevitably result from the enfranchisement of women.

The women of Kansas, who, next to the Pilgrim mothers of America, have endured more privations and taken a more active part in public affairs than any other women of America, should of all others have a voice in controlling the affairs of State and framing the laws by which they shall be governed. Say some opposers: "The good and true women would not vote, but only the ignorant and vicious." What a monstrous libel upon the intelligence and public spirit of the women of Kansas! and just so certainly as women obtain the ballot, as far as the intelligent and virtuous outnumber the ignorant and abandoned, will the vote of women swell the majority for just and righteous measures—for the moral and upright man—the man who has never imbrued his hands in blood—who has never robbed woman of her virtue—whose senses are never drowned in the intoxicating bowl. Why! this is the great moral question of the day! It is not that the prominent opposers of this measure fear that it will drag women down; it is because they fear, and justly, that women will lift suffrage so far into the realm of purity and morality that they can never be able even to offer themselves as candidates for office. Then will the destinies of our country be no more decided at drunken orgies, amid scenes that our opponents say it would degrade us to witness, but all questions of public weal will be decided in the hearts and at the firesides of pure-hearted men and women, surrounded by those whose destinies are dearer than life, and that decision shall be enforced when men and women shall together go up to the Temple of Justice to deposit their ballots.

Whatever, then, may be the opinion of fair ladies who dwell in ceiled houses in our older Eastern States and cities, who, like the lilies, neither toil nor spin, whose fair hands would gather close their silken apparel at the thought of touching the homelier garments of many a heroine of Kansas—whatever they may say in reference to this question, we, the women of the Spartan State, declare, We want to vote.

By order of the Executive Committee.

Mrs. Griffith,	Mrs. Hon. E. G. Ross,
Mrs. R. S. Tenney,	Mrs. Ex-Gov. Robinson,
Mrs. Rev. W. A. Starrett,	Mrs. Judge Thacher,
Mrs. Rev. R. Cordley,	Mrs. Judge Miller,
Mrs. Rev. G. S. Dearborn,	Mrs. Judge Burnett,
Mrs. Rev. J. S. Brown,	Mrs. Judge Hendry,
Mrs. Rev. Geo. Meyer,	Mrs. H. M. Simpson,
Mrs. J. H. Lane,	Mrs. Robt. Morrow,
Mrs. Jas. Horton,	Mrs. Major Piatt,
Mrs. F. W. Sparr,	Mrs. Major Whitney,
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Mrs. Welsh,	Mrs. Henderson,
Mrs. Marsh,	Mrs. J. O. Adams,
Mrs. T. Sutherland,	Mrs. Mary Whitcomb,

Committee on Address.

Lawrence, Sept. 24, 1867.

LETTER FROM SOJOURNER TRUTH.

To the Editor of the Standard:

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Sept. 27, 1867.

DEAR FRIEND: I, Sojourner Truth, have returned from Washington to my home in Battle Creek. I want to take THE STANDARD very much, and am not able to pay for it. Will you be so kind as to send it to me for a while? If you will, you will confer a great favor on me, for I am very poor, but I want to hear the news that is going on.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

MRS. E. M. RHOADES, of Battle Creek, writes: "The above statement I know to be true. Sojourner Truth is stopping with me, and I know her circumstances well. She is indeed very poor. She has been engaged for the past three years in Washington in taking care of the freed people, having given all her time and labor, and what little money she had, and all she had given to her. Now she wants to get her a little home and fix up a house so she can live in it, that she can have a place to receive her friends in when they come to see her. She also wishes this to be published, that her friends may know where she is and how she is situated, and if they have anything to contribute it will be very acceptable, for she is very needy in the way of money and clothing. I do hope her friends will take hold of the matter at once and help her, that she may get her house fixed so she can get into it before cold weather comes on. The New York Society gave her considerable, but she spent all in aiding the freed people, in getting places for them, and carrying them from Washington to different parts of the country, so you see she has made good use of what was given to her from that Society, and she feels very grateful to them."

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Philadelphia, on the evening of 10th mo. 7th, TABITHA A., wife of Joshua Clendenon, in her 49th year.

In the prime of life has this friend been removed to her higher, eternal home. She was a devoted wife, an affectionate, loving mother—and may they to whom she was thus related ever cherish her memory and imitate her virtues, and as they are careful to follow the dictates of the Divine Witness, they will come to be qualified for a re-union with her beyond the grave, where sorrow and sighing shall no more be known.

LITERARY.

DIAMOND EDITION OF DICKENS. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In the number before us, we have, complete, Oliver Twist, Pictures from Italy, and American Notes.

Having already spoken at some length of the beauty and completeness of this edition, we will content ourselves for the present with saying that, in view of the distinguished author's speedy visit to this country, we have somewhat carefully gone over his American Notes, so self-wounding to us at the time of their publication, and we confess to a feeling of surprise that, with intelligent readers, aught of indignation should have been excited by their perusal. Surely the abuses pierced by this dart of satire were deserving of all condemnation! The crime of slavery, spared not by his pen, assuredly did not suffer too deeply from the caustic application it received, and could the author so faithful in exposition of home-evil—whose works were ever attacks on some citadel of English abuse—do less than exercise that fearlessness of denunciation Abroad which had rendered his name a power for good at Home? We do not by any means regard American Notes as equal, viewed from a literary standpoint, to many of Mr. Dickens's works. It bears many evidences of being hastily written, but that he was unnecessarily severe in any of his strictures upon our then glaring evils we do not think can be laid at his door as a reproach.

RAINBOWS FOR CHILDREN. Edited by Lydia Maria Child. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We wish all compilations for children were as beautiful—were as free from aught objectionable as the little volume Mrs. Child has thus given to the public. Indeed, the sanction of her name, wherever the eminent purity of her writings is known, is a guarantee of merit, and in this case we do not wonder that she has been induced to lend her co-operation, for a more charming collection, ushered forth more elegantly, will scarcely greet the eye of a child between this and holiday time.

Speaking of them, the gifted editress says: "I wish these Fairy Stories were written by myself; but they are not. The author merely intended them for the private amusement of a few juvenile relatives; but the MSS., accidentally met my eye, and I was so charmed with the freshness and beauties of the stories, that I begged permission to publish them.

"Their liveliness and simplicity will, I am sure, render them great favorites with children, while more mature minds will often perceive a wise significance within the poetic beauty of style."

Then follows some explanation of the beautiful figures employed, which we trust each boy and girl reader will turn to after the perusal of each separate story, and see if he or she grasped the moral as kindly explained, which will add to the interest of the different narratives.

SNOW BERRIES. By Alice Cary. A small quarto, pp. 206. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Another addition to the growing library of juvenile literature, and gotten up in the elegant style which at once challenges admiration and invites inspection of contents. The volume contains a pleasing variety of prose and poetical reading, and appears to be compiled with great discrimination. Some of the poems are charming, and adapted to the gratification of any age.

THE GOSPEL AMONG ANIMALS: or, CHRIST WITH THE CATTLE, is the title of a Sermon by Samuel Osgood, D.D., recently published by S. R. Wells, of this city. Those familiar with the writings of Dr. Osgood will need no word of ours to induce them to procure this pleasant and instructive treatise, and we trust it will be widely disseminated and read.

From the hands of the publishers, G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass., we have received a copy of their new WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, the announcement of which has been for some time before the public. The volume is prepared on the general principles of the large Dictionary of which full use has been made, comprises 1,000 pages, has over 600 illustrations, under their appropriate words, in the body of the work, together with some 30 pages of grouped or classified cuts at the end, the usual tables, classical, scriptural, geographical, and biographical, and the additional merit of several distinctive and valuable features, such as a glossary of Scottish words and phrases, a vocabulary of perfect and allowable rhymes, etc. The volume is especially designed to meet the wants of a large class of persons who wish to obtain in a work of moderate size and cost, as complete a presentation as possible of the meaning, pronunciation, and orthography of the words which make up the main body of our modern English tongue. In glancing it over, we have good reason to believe that the publishers have admirably succeeded in this desire, and the perfect neatness with which the volume has been issued from the press, coupled with the exceeding cheapness of price ($6 00), can not but insure a very general circulation.

THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, of the city of New York, a copy of which has just been received, speaks encouragingly of the financial condition of the Association, and shows valuable accessions of books, etc., within the fiscal year. That an institution so truly commendable should thus meet with success, is gratifying to every friend of intelligence and well-wisher of humanity.

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN, familiar from our school-boy days, comes to us, presenting a neat and attractive appearance, through the hands of the publisher, S. R. Wells. It makes 53 pp. of a 12mo. form, is profusely illustrated, and, in its new garb, we doubt not will find many a reader who will derive as true a pleasure from its pages as the thousands it delighted in the generation passing away.

The Union League Club of New York, through their Committee, have issued an Address on Legislative Corruption, which is a truly seasonable production to be profitably read by members of both parties composing our State Legislature.

RECEIVED.

THE STARRY FLAG, by Oliver Optic, 312 pages. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

JACK OF ALL TRADES, by Mrs. Rosa Abbott Parker, 229 pages. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

FREE RELIGION. A pamphlet report of Addresses delivered in Boston, May 30, 1867; and the Constitution of the Free Religious Association, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, President, 55 pages. Boston: Adams & Co.; New York: James Miller, 522 Broadway.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS, by Rev. John Todd, 27 pages. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS MINISTRY, pamphlet report of a Discourse, by Rev. Samuel J. May, with an Appendix, 52 pages. Syracuse, N. Y.: Masters & Lee.

IS IT I? by Prof. Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D., 154 pages. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

THE GALIN METHOD OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION, by C. H. Farnham, 56 pages. New York: American News Company.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell and Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Harper's Bazaar, No. 1. A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction. New York: Harper & Brothers.

DRAMATIC.

RISTORI AS MARIE ANTOINETTE.

In all history, few personages of ancient or modern times more excite the sympathy of the reader than the ill-fated consort of Louis XVI.—Marie Antoinette. Her charms of mind and of person—her love for her royal husband—the short-lived brilliancy of her reign, and, above all, her early ignominious death, all combined to give prominence and facination to her life; and though centuries have elapsed since her head was bowed to the headsman's stroke, song and romance as well as history have combined to hold in tender remembrance her name.

Mme. Ristori, to whom we are indebted for so many historical personations, has lately added the tradegy of *Marie Antoinette* to her *repertoire,* and the several occasions upon which it has been brought upon the stage at the French Theatre have not only served to correct the slight defects which at first somewhat marred the effect of the play, but enables us to speak of it not only as a tragedy of the highest order, but as the crowning triumph of Mme. Ristori upon the American stage. We know that this is saying much. We do not forget *Medea, Myrrha,* or *Elizabeth.* But whoso has had the fortune to behold Ristori in this latest of her personations—witnessed her marvellous play of power—the inspiration imparted to all moving within the circle of her influence—the forgetfulness of kings and queens on the part of the audience in the contemplation of men and women crushed by miseries—will say we are not mistaken in our estimate.

The new tragedy tells the dark story of the Revolution, especially as its events wrought out the sombre destiny of the royal household. It opens with a prologue, giving the atmosphere of Court-life at Versailles, when the aim of existence was pleasure, untempered, unchecked by principle. Yet even in the prologue, one sees through all the sparkling gaiety, extravagance, abandon and dissipation, that shadow which is to deepen and deepen unto the close. The first act casts us at once into the tumult of the Revolution. We hear its surges, in the cries of The Austrian! The Austrian! beat against the royal palace. This opening act is admirable in construction, albeit intensely dramatic. Its conclusion is especially effective—exhibiting the Queen presenting herself and the Dauphin to the mob from the balcony. The second act abounds with party intrigue, the fierce struggle of demagogues and partisans. In it we have a scene between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau in the garden at Versailles, and a view of the attempt to make Louis a constitutional monarch, bringing out painfully his indecision of character. The third act introduces Robespierre, the Jacobin politics and the reign of terror, closing with a lurid scene of the mob forcing itself into the Tuilleries, and the very presence of the Queen, who by turns sues or defies the infuriated masses. The fourth act is exquisitely pathetic. It presents the King's apartment in prison, and terminates with his departure for the place of execution. The fifth act separates the Queen and Dauphin, and the epilogue shows the Queen condemned to death and in the hands of the executioner.

Of course, in a play of this character, the tendency is to the sensational, yet its talented author has succeeded in giving each point in the sad story its full force without once offending against good taste. And his inspiration seems to have been caught by his great interpreter. In all the varying stages of Marie Antoinette's life, first as the fair young queen, then as the thoughtful sovereign, and finally as the high-souled, sensitive woman crushed by misery Ristori seemed equally great, and each successive rendering has but added to the measure of her success. Her support, Sig. Bozzo, is a most elegant portraiture of Louis LVI., dignified, calm and royal. We had intended saying something of Mme. Ristori, as a public educator, but the growing length of our article admonishes us to reserve our remarks upon that head for another paper.

In the matter of scenery, frequently so unmeaning, Manager Grau has abundantly fulfilled his promises. The stage pictures, all new, are elaborately faithful to reality and pleasing to good taste.

MUSICAL.

The second of the series of Sunday evening Concerts by Mr. Harrison, which came off at Steinway Hall on the evening of the 13th inst., was in all respects a complete success. The performances of Mr. Leopold De Meyer were received with the unbounded pleasure their rare power merited by the large audience, and the singing of that superb artist, Parepa-Rosa, was as attractive a feature as ever. Mr. Harrison announces that he has engaged for a limited number of Concerts the celebrated Contralto, Madame Eliza Lumley of European fame, which will be a still further accession to his corps of eminent artists. Madame L. will sing at the Concert to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

Special Notices.

Wendell Phillips's

SPEECHES AND LECTURES, a handsomely-bound volume, 562 pages, with steel portrait, will be sent, post-paid, to any person renewing a subscription for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and sending the name of one new subscriber ($6), or for two new subscribers, $3 a year.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

Address AARON M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard,
39 Nassau street, New York.

NOTICE.—The colored people of the State of Pennsylvania will hold a Convention on the fifth day of November next at West Chester, in Horticultural Hall, to consult in relation to the Educational interests of the race, and for such other business as may come before the Convention. The Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice; the Hon. James W. Nye, U. S. Senator; the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives; Dr. William Longfellow, Prof. Green, and others, have been invited to address the Convention.

By order of the Committee.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.—We learn by recent advices from Paris that the name of Elias Howe, Jr., heads a list of petitioners to the Imperial Comission for a reconsideration of the Sewing Machine awards,—a significant commentary upon the protestation of the Howe Company that the Gold Medal has already been awarded for that machine.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN will begin their Fifth Annual Term, of 20 weeks, at the College in 12th Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, MRS. C. S. LOZIER, M. D., 361 West 34th Street, N. Y., or the Secretary, MRS. C. F. WELLS, care of Fowler and Wells, N. Y.

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A MEETING of the Pennsylvania Peace Society will be held at Friends Meeting-House, Germantown, Pa., 9th month, 22d, at 3 p.m. A number of speakers will be present.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 83 Barome street.

Advertisements.

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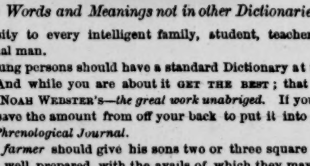
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SONG OF STEAM.

[The following fine poem, by Geo. W. Cutter of Covington, Ky., *Blackwood* has pronounced "the best lyric of the century:"]

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As a tempest scorns a chain;
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze,
When I saw the peasant reel
With the toil he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or toiled at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last;
And they invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain steep decline;
Time—space have yielded to my power—
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,
The thought of the godlike mind,
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tiresome arm doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made,
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breasts to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

A DAY WITH ROSA BONHEUR.

Translated for the Cincinnati Commercial from the Paris Figaro.

IN order to reach the studio of Rosa Bonheur, you must not enter the omnibus driving to the Carriere Pigalle, still less the one driving to the Luxemburg gardens, for Rosa Bonheur lives, with her muse, far from the brevieries of Mont Breda, and far from the beautiful old chestnut trees of the Luxemburg.

If you wish to contemplate the great painter close by, you must take the Lyons train, alight at Fontainebleau, and ask somebody to show you the road to the Chateau de By. After walking for an hour through a dense forest, you will behold near the edge of this forest a very pretty dwelling, in which the architect has managed to combine iron, brick and timber with rare artistic taste. From the ground floor to the roof, everything is graceful and charming in this delightful little villa. Its irregularity constitutes its greatest charm, and your eyes might wander all the day long from the small towers wreathed with ivy to the balconies festooned with beautiful flowers, if your ears were not suddenly deafened by a most singular noise, which puts all at once a stop to your admiring contemplation.

At first, if you hate Wagner's music of the future, you would believe that a number of enthusiastic singers were rehearsing a piece composed by the excentric friend of the eccentric King of Bavaria; but, after listening with close attention for a few minutes, you will comprehend that this strange concert results from the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cows, the neighing of horses, and the barking and howling of dogs, all blended in a wonderfully discordant medley.

This cattle concert will then tell you that you have arrived at your destination, and, approaching the handsome cast-iron fence, you ring the bell; an old servant girl, one of the last vestiges of a race which is dying out very fast, and which is called "the devoted servants."

"Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur?"
"She is not at home."
"When will she be back?"
"I don't know."
"Where is she?"
"I don't know."

When a servant replies to such questions in this manner you may rest assured that the master or the mistress is at home. In this case you must proceed very skilfully, and bring your masked battery, to wit, your letter of recommendation, to bear upon the enemy.

"I am very sorry that Mademoiselle Bonheur is not here," you say to the old servant girl; "one of her friends sent me to her to confer with her in regard to some pressing business matters; he gave me also this note, which I was to deliver to her. Pray give it to her, and express to her my regrets that I did not meet her at home."

"Very well," says the old servant girl, and slams the door in your face.

Well, you are now eighty kilometers from Paris, at a village where sandwiches are myths, and whither civilization penetrates once a day in the shape of the *Petit Journal*. You say, therefore, to yourself: "I will take a little walk. In the meantime Rosa Bonheur will read my letter of introduction, and, on seeing the signature of her friend at the bottom of the missive, she will scold her servant girl for having turned the embassador of one of her colleagues from the door in so unceremonious a manner, so that, when I shall present myself once more at the door of the chateau, Gertrude (all old servant girls are so called) will exclaim, 'Oh, my dear sir, Mademoiselle Bonheur has just got home, and awaits you quite impatiently!'"

Well, you are utterly mistaken, and your monologue is false in every respect, for, when you confront once more this inhospitable threshold, Gertrude tells you with a morose air:

"Mademoiselle Bonheur has not got home yet. She dines very often at Fontainebleau. It happens sometimes that she stays two weeks from home without telling me a word about it. You know artistes are so very queer."

If you are not malicious, you will think that the game is up, and, greatly disappointed, you will at once start on your return trip of eighty kilometers, swearing on the way like Lucifer; but, if you are malicious, just request Gertrude to return to you your letter of introduction, and tell her that you have orders to deliver it only into the hands of her mistress. Her mistress, has, of course, opened the letter already. Gertrude cannot return the letter to you without incurring the suspicion of being a faithless servant. What will she do then?

"Forsooth," exclaims Mademoiselle Bonheur, caught in the trap, "admit the inquisitive fellow."

And you enter the house.

The reader has guessed already that I have related to him what happened to myself. I did not know that the most urgent recommendations do not exert any effect upon the obdurate heart of Rosa Bonheur, and that she closes her door most unceremoniously in the face of whomsoever aspires to lay at her feet a tribute of enthusiastic admiration. Well, thank God, I had succeeded in getting in. Gertrude pointed out to me a little fellow who approached through an alley of the park; he seemed to look at me frowningly, but an enormous straw hat which he wore on his head prevented me from recognizing his features.

I stooped a little, and now I saw a beardless, full face, bronzed by the sun, and dotted with two hazel eyes of medium size. The smallness of the nose, which was finely chiselled, caused the rather large mouth, which displayed two rows of superb teeth, to appear even larger than it really was. Long hair, which seemed to me blonde, flowed under the broad brim of the straw hat, and fell in truly rural disorder on the shoulders of the little fellow.

"Who are you? Whence do you come, and what do you want?" he asked in a petulant tone.

And he placed himself in front of me, after turning back the skirt of his blue linen blouse, and putting his hands into the pockets of his gray velvet pantaloons.

These hands had seemed to me very small. I looked at the feet of the little fellow; they were likewise microscopic, notwithstanding the thick calf boots, the soles of which were covered with nails.

The Cæsarean manner in which the little peasant accosted me disconcerted me a little.

"I am a journalist," I replied: "I come from Paris, and I want to see Mademoiselle Bonheur."

"Well, then, look at her!" said the little peasant, taking off his hat.

I saw now the true color of her hair. It is not blonde; it is white. I saw, also, two diamonds with which the collar of her coarse linen shirt was fastened.

"My dear sir" said Mademoiselle Bonheur, in a milder tone, "you must excuse me. You must understand how necessary it is for me to take steps to keep profane intruders from my house. I have known Englishmen who travelled five hundred leagues to see me, and who, after contemplating me at leisure, went away even without thanking me. If talents merely convert an artist into a rare animal, it is not worth while for him to cultivate them. And then you may imagine the loss of time caused in the visits of inquisitive persons, and the annoyance occasioned by their conversation and their frequently very impertinent questions. If you were writing a romance, would you like, at the time when you are full of inspiration, to be interrupted by an indiscreet person overwhelming you with silly compliments?"

"I will withdraw, Mademoiselle."

"Oh, I do not say all this in regard to you, who belong to our 'great family;' and, moreover, by staying with me to-day you will not burden your conscience with great remorse. I am just about to shear my sheep. Come with me, I will show them to you; you may look on. If you do not like it, so much the worse for you. Let us run quickly; I have shorn one side of one, and I must rid him at once of his whole fleece, otherwise the poor beast will freeze on on one side and roast on the other."

When Mademoiselle Bonheur had shorn in my presence three ewes, four rams, she said to me:

"Will you see my deer, my roebucks, and my does? One of the latter had young ones yesterday."

After the deer and their companions came the dogs; next the horses were trotted out; in short, I inspected the whole managerie. When she praised the good qualities of her pointers, I asked:

"You hunt?"

"Yes, certainly; but I am very awkward. The fact is, there is but one thing I can do pretty well, and that is to take care of cattle. Ah, I tell you, I was intended to become a farmer, but fate decided otherwise. I have become a painter, a profession for which Providence did not destine me."

Here Rosa Bonheur heaved a profound sigh, to which I responded by uttering the following words in a tone of mock gravity:

"You are right, Mademoiselle; your pencil was decidedly unsuccessful. Notwithstanding your efforts you have remained unknown, poor, needy, and unpopular among connoisseurs. Your miserable daubs excite the hilarity of the public. Take my advice, therefore; it is still time for you to enter another career. In the meantime I will prove to you the interest I take in your welfare by procuring you a situation as farm hand. You may wear your cross of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of your farm jacket. The red ribbons may at first make the bulls confided to you angry with you, but they will soon get accustomed to it."

We burst into loud laughter and arrived at her studio.

Before the great artist finishes a painting, she is in the habit of painting separate parts of it on isolated pieces of canvas, so that she finally may group and copy them. That is the way in which she extracts one hundred thousand francs more from the coffers of the wealthy Albions. Sometimes it happens, however, that Rosa Bonheur likes one of her paintings so well that she will not sell it at any price.

I saw the sketch of a number of sheep, on which she had written with a lead pencil, "M. de Rothschild." And when I asked her to explain to me the meaning of the name of the millionaire surmounting a stable, Rosa Bonheur said to me:

"I had destined this painting for the banker of the Rue Lafitte; but I have changed my mind since then and intend to keep it."

Rosa Bonheur entertains the highest admiration for Trayon and Corot. Her rooms are adorned with a great many paintings by these masters. She seemed to me rather cold in her opinion of Dutch painters of animals. There were none of their paintings in her rooms. Does she consider rivals in the potters, and does she not want them because they wound her self-love and her eyes? It certainly astonished me greatly not to see this beautiful school represented on the walls, of her rooms.

It was already dark when the mistress of the Chateau de By accompanied me to the door of her country-seat. She walked with a firm step by my side. Her masculine bearing, her blunt frankness, and boisterous gayety, are such as to make one forget her sex and her genius, and you feel almost tempted to say to her, "Old fellow," as though she were a man, and as though you had known her ever so long.

"I have endeavored," she said to me, "to make amends for the rudeness with which I received you. Was I successful?"

"Beyond expression."

"You will call again, will you not?"

"Most assuredly."

"But do not come too often," she added laughing, both of us are talkative; while talking with you I should forget my easel and my pencils, and when I have not painted eight hours a day, I am dissatisfied with myself."

How right was he who wrote that "industry was one-half of genius!"

PROFITS OF AUTHORSHIP.—Authorship is, now-a-days, a source of profit when pursued industriously by those who thoroughly understand it. Charles Dickens has probably received a half million for his works, and his income is about seventy thousand dollars per year. But he is a perfect man of business, owns all his books, and has them manufactured for himself, although he sells them through Chapman & Hall, to whom he allows a percentage. Mrs. Stowe, for "Uncle Tom," netted a small fortune.

The emoluments of Cooper, Irving, and men of like rank, were considerable; even Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Mrs. Southworth have accumulated fortunes; and the authors' percentage from the sale of some of our popular schoolbooks have the air of fable. Noah Webster lived, for the greater part of his lifetime, upon the profits of his spelling-book. The sums obtained by some of the French authors, for single works, is still more startling. Victor Hugo was paid $80,000 for "Les Miserables," and $8,000 for the copyright of a single poem; while the "Notre Dame de Paris" brought him $40,000, and his other works similarly large sums. He is said to have refused $100,000 for the copyright of his last book. Yet he hawked about his first work a long time before he found a purchaser at three hundred francs.

George Sand realized ten thousand dollars on each of her seventy-five volumes of novels, and $80,000 additional on her plays. There is little doubt that Alexander Dumas, the elder, has made nearly a million of dollars, and spent it. Miss Braddon is rapidly acquiring a fortune. Sardou, the author of "La Famille Benoiton"—a play produced in English, in New York, under the title of "The Fast Family"—has received for it, from the Parisian and provincial theatres, about $30,000. Paul Feval, another playwright, received for "La Bossu," played here under the name of "The Duke's Motto," $24,000; and for "La Fils du Diable," $22,000. Besides this, his annual income from the copyrights of his novels, averages $12,000. Ponsard received $12,000 in advance for his last piece. Lamartine has received and spent a fortune, and complains now of poverty, not being probably worth $50,000—a pitiable case of destitution. So Eugene Sue received 750,000 francs for his "Mysteries of Paris," nearly as much for the "Wandering Jew," and realized a large fortune from his various works, and spent it as French authors generally do. Scribe, the dramatist, left a fortune of $800,000.

ON A BUST OF DANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The Father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng:
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this new image be,
No dream his life was,—but a fight;
Could any but Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the vision came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips, as Cumæ's cavern close;
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin;
The rigid front almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,—
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself ice-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look,
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
When as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here; this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior-soul we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime,
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou!
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now,
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

THE SUGAR MAPLES IN CONCORD, MASS.

EXTRACT FROM THOREAU'S "AUTUMNAL TINTS."

OCTOBER is the month of painted leaves. Their rich glow now flashes round the world. As fruits and leaves, and the day itself acquire a bright tint just before they fall, so with the year near its setting. October is its sunset sky; November the latter twilight.

The smallest sugar maples in our streets make a great show as early as the fifth of October. As I look up the Main street, they appear like painted screens standing before the houses; yet many are green. By the 17th of October, when almost all red maples are bare, the large sugar maples are in their glory, glowing with yellow and red, in bright and delicate tints. They are remarkable for the contrast they often afford of deep blushing red on one-half and green on the other. They become at length great regular *oval* masses of rich yellow, with a deep scarlet blush. There is an auction on the Common to-day, but its red flag is hard to be discerned amid this blaze of color. Little did the fathers of the town anticipate the brilliant success, when they caused to be imported from farther in the country some straight poles, with their tops cut off, which they called sugar maples; and, as I remember, after they were set out, a neighboring merchant's clerk, by way of jest, planted beans about them.

Those which were then jestingly called bean poles, are to-day far the most beautiful objects noticeable in our streets. They are worth all and more than they cost, if only because they have filled the open eyes of children with their rich color unstintedly so many Octobers. We will not ask them to yield us sugar in the Spring, while they afford us so fair a prospect in the Autumn. Wealth indoors may be the inheritance of few, but it is equally distributed on the Common. All children alike can revel in this golden harvest. Surely trees should be set in our streets with a view to their October splendor. Do you not think it will make some odds to these children that they were brought up under the maples? Hundreds of eyes are steadily drinking in this color, instead of the bright colors in apothecaries' shops and city windows.

These brilliant trees throughout the street are at least equal to an annual festival and a week of holidays. These are cheap and innocent gala days; celebrated by one and all without the aid of committees and marshals, such a show as may be safely licensed, not attracting gamblers or rumsellers, nor requiring any special police to keep the peace. And poor indeed must that New England village's October be, which has not the maple in its streets. This October festival costs no powder or ringing of bells, but every tree is a living liberty pole, on which a thousand bright flags are waving. No Cattle Show, or Fall training, no celebration with its scarfs and banners could import into the town a hundredth part of the annual splendor of our October.

We have only to set out trees and let them stand, and nature will find the colored drapery, flags of all her nations, while we walk under the triumphal arches of the elms. Behold, what a brilliant drapery is her Woodbine flag!* What public spirited merchant, think you, has contributed this part of the show? There is no handsomer shingling and paint than this vine, covering a whole side of some houses.

No wonder it has been extensively introduced into London. I do not believe the ivy "never sere" is comparable to it. Let us have a good many maples and hickories and scarlet oaks, then I say, Blaze away! Shall that dirty roll of bunting in the gun-house be all the colors a village can display? A village is not complete unless it have these trees to mark the season in it. They are important, like the town clock. A village without them will not be found to work well. It has a screw loose, an essential part is wanting. Let us have willows for Spring, elms for Summer, maples and walnuts and tupeleos for Autumn, evergreens for Winter, and oaks for all seasons. Of course there is not a picture gallery in the country which would be worth so much to us, as is the Western view at sunset under the elms of our Main street.

A village needs these stimulants of bright and cheering prospects to keep off melancholy and superstition. Show me two villages, one embowered in trees and blazing with all the glories of October, the other a merely trivial, treeless waste, or with only a single tree or two for suicides, and I shall be sure that in the latter will be found the most starved and bigoted minds, and the most desperate drinkers.

How well the fathers did to plant this *perfectly living* institution, the trees, before the church; the institution which needs no repairing nor repainting, but is continually enlarged and repaired by its own growth! Surely, they

"Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Themselves from God they could not free;
They *planted* better than they knew;—
The conscious *trees* to beauty grew."

Verily these maples are cheap preachers, permanently settled, which preach their half century, and century, ay, and century-and-a-half sermons with constantly increasing unction and influence ministering to many generations of men.

* THE VIRGINIA CREEPER.—An English manufacturer (perhaps it was John Thornton and his noble Margaret Hale), covered the staring brick walls of his mills with the royal mantle of this glorious vine—converting these hard featured buildings into complements of English "cottages hidden by climbing roses and honeysuckles." Is it flaming and glowing now under English skies, as we remember the one over the door-way of that marine, sea-side farm-house, hallowed by the memory of dear C. L. H.? How her fair blue eyes delighted in the lovely views it fitly wreathed of her Frenchman's Bay and the distant Mt. Desert hills!

It seems to do so in France, where it has also gone, and is charmingly mentioned by Fanny Kemble's sister in her "French Country House" sketches. We think to-day (Oct. 6th) of its scarlet and crimson banners hung out on the piazzas where we have sat or paced and "chatted much together" with friends in October days of other years. That magnificent vine of the Elmira Water Cure is the admiration of all beholders. In Leicester is another we cannot forget. C. F. P.

CARLYLE AND HIS AMERICAN OPINIONS—THACKERAY.

MR. CARLYLE'S "Shooting Niagara; and After," will be republished by Chapman & Hall, with additions and corrections. Few essays in late years have elicited so much comment—comment mostly of a hostile kind, and written mostly in forgetfulness of the delight with which the Inaugural Address at Edinburgh last year was received. The leading article of the *Tribune* was copied into many English papers as an authoritative answer from America to so much of Mr. Carlyle's essay as concerned America. It was a pleasure to many of his friends to find that the protest on your side could be stated with great force, and at the same time with the respect to which Carlyle is entitled, whatever may be our present difference from him. In very strong contrast to this is an article in the *Nation* of your city, reprinted here in some journal which seems to suppose that the *Nation* represents an appreciable body of American opinion. It is precisely such articles as this latter which encourage the notion that American journalism is more fond of personal abuse than the English. Unhappily, if a particularly bad article does get written in America, it is only too apt to get quoted in England, and the people here who read, for instance, the flippant impertinence of the *Nation* toward Mr. Carlyle cannot be expected to know that the editor of that journal was exported from Ireland after his habits of literary composition had been formed.

It is commonly thought on your side that Carlyle is to be reckoned among the enemies of America. I know the opinion to be a wrong one. Enemies of America are numerous enough, but Mr. Carlyle is not one of them. The ruling classes in England were logically on the side of the South, for the South was fighting their battle. Its success would have postponed indefinitely the success of the Reform movement here, and of other movements yet to come. But this opposition was not what America resented most keenly. There was among the same classes a very general dislike and contempt for the North; and it was the display of these feelings which roused American indignation. I affirm of my own knowledge that Carlyle's feelings were of a kind very different from these. He disbelieved in the ideas on which the American republic is built, but for America, for the people of America, and for the fidelity and courage which marked the struggle of the North to maintain the Union he has often expressed his cordial liking and admiration. I have no right to print conversations, but I say this much because it is due to Carlyle that his intellectual dissent from our political theories should not be confounded with the bitter personal animosity against everything American which disgraced the bulk of those whom I have spoken of as the ruling classes. The conversations I refer to took place last year, and were repeated to many friends of his and mine when I went home. I appeal to their memory to say whether the truth about Carlyle's genuine good will for America might not be stated with much more emphasis than I now use. I am as far as anybody can be from agreeing with his political theories, or with his notions about Jamaica, about the negro, and about many other matters. As to some, the negro for instance, he is utterly mistaken in his facts as well as his theories. But for his great genius and his great services to literature and to mankind I have a profound reverence, and I think the many Americans to whom his name is dear have a right to know that they also are dear to him.

* * * * * * *

It is singular that there is not in England or America a complete and uniform edition of Thackeray. None has ever been published. You may buy Dickens complete in a great variety of shapes—none of them quite so good as it should be—but still a decent edition may be had. There is one edition of Thackeray in eight or nine volumes, uniform in shape, the typography of which varies in size and degrees of badness, and which is, besides, imperfect. The Harpers in New York began a tolerably printed edition some years ago, but went no further than the issue of Vanity Fair. Messrs. Smith & Elder, who know how to produce very elegant books, now announce that they will soon publish a collection of Thackeray's works which they are endeavoring to make complete, and which will appear, let us hope, in a dress worthy of him who was one of the few great masters of English prose of whom this country can boast. Messrs. Smith & Elder invite persons who may have unpublished manuscripts of Thackeray to send them for examination by the editor of the forthcoming edition. America may have one or two to contribute. He had correspondents there; and I remember having seen a few souvenirs of his pencil given to American friends—quite good enough to take their place among the illustrations of his works.—*George W. Smalley—Tribune's London Correspondence.*

WE OWN ONLY WHAT WE USE.

WHAT we possess and use alone makes rich—
We do not own that which we do not use,
And thus would most men verily be rich
Did they not covet what they cannot use,
And what e'en he who has possesses not.

THE OCEAN VOYAGE OF THE LIFE-RAFT NONPAREIL.—The Southampton correspondent of the London *Star* gives the following particulars of the successful voyage of the little raft Nonpareil: "The American life-raft Nonpareil, 43 days from New York, arrived here between five and six o'clock this evening, and is moored off the dock shore. This daring adventure has been conducted by John Milkes, captain, and a crew of two, named George Miller and Jerry Mallene. She is only twenty-four feet long and twelve and a half feet wide.

The raft, which has two masts, consists of three cylinders, pointed at each end, united together by canvas connections, having no real decks, and is strengthened by boards slipped under strong iron neckpieces, the whole kept together by lashing. A waterproof cloth hung over a boom, closed at each end, somewhat resembling a gypsy tent, affords sleeping accommodation, two at a time, and the third keeping watch. This is fixed on a strong locker, in which the provisions are kept.

The raft lay to seven times from stress of weather, and the last vessel spoken was the John Chapman, a week since, from which they were given a fowl which is still alive and well. They have arrived with thirty gallons of water to spare. The captain was poorly two days during the passage, otherwise all have been in perfect health, and the men are in good spirits, their countenances looking healthy and bronzed by the weather. They had no chronometer on board and sailed by dead reckoning, and corrected their position by vessels they spoke. There is a smaller raft on deck for use as a boat. The raft has kept perfectly water-tight all the way, not a leak of any sort having occurred. She is fitted with an apparatus for filling the tubes with air. On the arrival of the raft, Mr. J. R. Stebbing, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, went on board, congratulated the crew on the success of their daring enterprise, and tendered them any good offices that might be required. The captain landed on his arrival to report to the United States Consul, Captain J. Britton."

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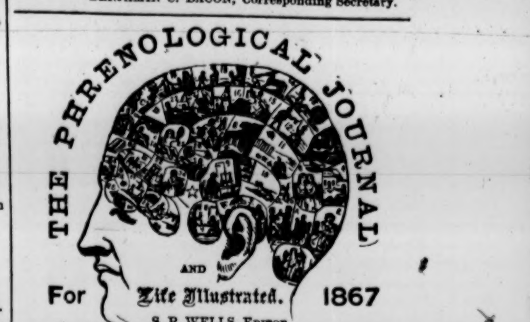
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